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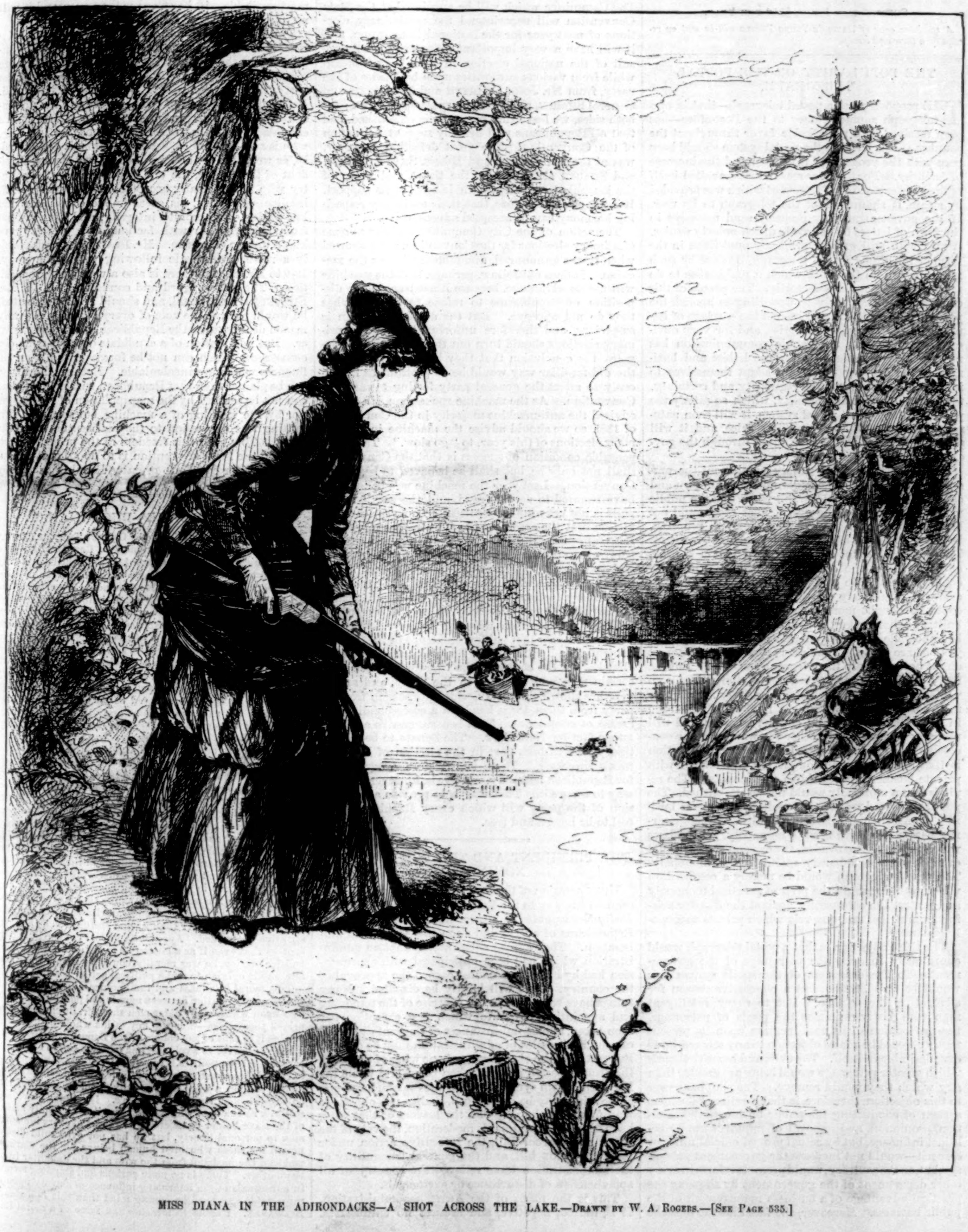

MISS DIANA IN THE ADIRONDACKS—A SHOT ACROSS THE LAKE.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 535.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 25, 1883.

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THE POPULARITY OF THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

THE proposition of a postal telegraph—that is, of a telegraph supplementary to the Post-office—has been received with remarkable favor throughout the country. It is felt that the postal system should keep pace with the progress of invention and the increase of facilities. For the same reason that it availed itself of the greater rapidity of transport which was provided by steam, it should adapt the telegraph to its uses. If the government may properly send messages in the form of letters by railroad, which nobody denies, it may with still greater propriety send them in the form of telegrams by the telegraph, because by such means it can do the work which it undertakes to do more promptly and satisfactorily. The people of this country would certainly be unwilling to abolish the present postal system, and intrust the carriage of letters wholly to private enterprise, and for very obvious reasons. But telegraphic communication has now become essential, because the habits and business of the country inevitably adapt themselves to improved facilities, and the regularity and certainty, the cheapness and universality, which so satisfy the public in the present postal system, it will soon naturally require of the telegraphic service, and it will secure it, as it has secured the other, through the government.

Such a system would simply supplement the present postal service. The government would own and control the necessary telegraph wires, and the public would willingly pay the cost. That cost would not be the purchase of the existing telegraph property, because that is wholly artificial and extravagant. The nominal capital of the Western Union is probably five times the amount for which its property could be replaced in better working order. The government would buy existing lines only where they could be bought more cheaply than they could be built, and that, under the actual circumstances, would be impossible. To the general scheme only three objections are made. The first is that the government ought not to go into the telegraph business. But the reply to this is that for reasons of the public convenience and welfare, which are entirely satisfactory to the people, the government is already embarked in the letter-carrying and express business, and will properly undertake any other for which similar conclusive reasons can be urged. The second objection is that the government ought not to compete with private business and establish a monopoly. The reply is that a monopoly would not be established. The postal express does not monopolize the express business even of small articles; and although letter-carriage is in a certain sense a monopoly, yet the laws which protect it are evaded, the evasion showing that even the law can hardly maintain the monopoly. The postal telegraph would be merely a competition which would restrain the present practical monopoly and protect the community against the disaster arising from strikes and quarrels which private monopoly generates.

The third objection is that a postal telegraph would enormously increase the patronage of the government. To the defenders of the spoils system this would be no objection, but a conclusive reason for advocating the scheme. But to every intelligent man who justly estimates the perils of patronage, the proposition of its vast increase upon its present footing would be a fatal objection to any scheme, however desirable in itself. The evils and inconveniences which greater patronage would bring are greater than any which they would remove. The simple answer to this objection, therefore, is that a rational business system of conducting the public business—the selection, promotion, and removal of employés not by political influence, but by actual proved official merit or demerit—would not increase the government patronage, but, on the contrary, would promote reform in every other department of the government by showing the practical advantage of a business management of the public business. Moreover, the fact that the increase of patronage is felt by every sensible man to be a public danger is conclusive evidence of the nature of that which already exists, and of the desirability of prompt and reasonable reform. At the last session of Congress Senator **Edmunds** favored the proposal of a postal telegraph, and when Congress re-assembles he is sure to find that he is supported by a very powerful public opinion.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN.

THE Republican State Committee of New York have called the Convention on the 19th of September, at Richfield Springs. The officers to be nominated are the Secretary of State, Attorney-General, Comptroller, and Treasurer. But the chief interest of the Convention will be in observing how far the harmony of the party has been restored, and to this end to perceive the character of the new State Committee. The Committee which will be appointed at the State Convention will superintend the preliminary elections of next year for the National Convention, and it will have a very important influence upon the result of the national election in New York. Meanwhile from various authorities upon both sides of the party, from Mr. **John F. Smyth** and Mr. **Depew** and General **Sharpe**, and from journals which speak for both sides, we learn that harmony is established, and that all Republicans will heartily support the action of the Convention. The great defection, however, was at the last election, and Messrs. **Smyth**, **Depew**, and **Sharpe** all supported the ticket, and many of the journals to which we allude advised its support. It is not clear, therefore, that their testimony respecting harmony can be accepted as conclusive.

The action of the City Committee and the scheme of primary elections for the Convention, as we showed when it was announced, undoubtedly favors the machine. It does not follow, perhaps, that the machine will use its advantage, because it has learned the disposition of Republicans to refuse to support what they do not approve. But the advantage given is suspicious, and therefore unfortunate. If the primary elections should turn out the old familiar delegates, the conclusion that they had been selected in the old familiar way would be so probable as injuriously to affect the general party feeling toward the Convention. As the machine spokesman, Mr. **Bliss**, advised the anti-machine majority in the Convention of 1881, so we should advise the machine in the primary elections of this year, to "go slow." The indispensable condition of success is that the Convention shall not only be, but shall be believed to be, a free Convention. Last year the machine was believed to have resorted to actual fraud, and the result at the polls is not yet wholly forgotten. This year the conviction that the action of the Convention represents the real sentiment of the party can alone unite the party at the polls. But that conviction, with a brave and progressive platform and a good ticket and a State Committee which is seen not to be the tool of a reactionary faction, will not only re-unite the party at the polls, but give it victory.

There is no reason whatever to infer from any event of the year that public confidence in the general principles and policy of the Republican party has declined. On the contrary, the trouble has been with certain men and methods in the party, and as the year has shown the most decided purpose to free the party from them, there has been a corresponding increase of confidence. That is a suggestive and hortatory fact for New York. The Senate to be elected this year will take part in the election of Mr. **Lapham**'s successor. There is therefore every reason for Republican harmony. There is, however, but one way to secure it. That way is to provide an expression of the party will which every Republican will feel to be honest and free.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

UPON occasion of the President's recent visit to Chicago on his way to the Yellowstone Park the Chicago *Daily News* published a great number of letters from Republicans of every kind upon the **Arthur** administration. They agreed substantially that an administration which had been anticipated with apprehension had by its general course earned the approval of the country. This will hardly be disputed. Many things have been done in the exercise of the removing and appointing power to which just exception has been taken, and signal instances of flagrant disregard of sound principles of administration may be quoted. But certainly the clean sweep of one wing of the party that was expected has not taken place, and while the President's own sympathy with the Stalwart and machine wing may be unchanged, he has not chosen to manifest it in the way that the leaders of that wing have desired. Besides this moderation, the veto of the River and Harbor Bill, the Executive action under the **Pendleton** bill, and the general tranquillity of the administration have relieved the country of all apprehension of disturbance or excitement.

This is the merit of the **Arthur** administration. It is, indeed, negative, and arouses no enthusiasm. The President's original nomination was not due to distinguished service, but to local and political considerations. That, of course, does not produce strong personal regard for a President, and the quiet course of administration does not excite it. The feeling, therefore, is undoubtedly passive. It is that of placid satisfaction that there is no reason for positive hostility. It is very much the kind of feeling with which Mr. **Monroe**'s administration was regarded. This, however, is baffling to the politicians, and even alarming. For they know the value of the negative element in actual politics. In a political contest the man against whom nothing very definite can be alleged is always strong. Especially is this true in a contest which is mainly personal; and as that of next year will turn chiefly upon the general character, traditions, and tendencies of the two parties, the disposition, which is always decided, to select a candidate who can not be actively assailed personally as the most available will be stronger than ever, and it will naturally lend force to Mr. **Arthur**'s candidacy.

This seems to us a fair statement of his position toward the nomination. And should his official conduct during the intervening months show a still more marked tendency toward the progressive spirit of the party, that position would doubtless be improved. Yet in the great body of the party we can see no reason to suppose a decided preference for Mr. **Arthur**'s candidacy over that of Mr. **Edmunds**, for instance, who is also mentioned. Mr. **Edmunds** is undoubtedly, as we stated at the time that he was elected President of the Senate, the one Republican in the country who is universally acceptable to the party. His intellectual ability, his great public experience and knowledge, his absolute integrity, and his freedom from identification with factions and "wings" give him a unique eminence. Mr. **Blaine** has undoubtedly a more enthusiastic following within the party. But to Mr. **Blaine** there is also a very strong opposition. The party regard and confidence felt for Mr. **Edmunds** are universal, and should he be nominated, he would receive the vote of every man who for any reason desires to see the Republican party retain power. But nomination of a candidate depends upon circumstances which can not be foreseen, and upon influences which are incalculable. Nothing, however, can be plainer than that Republican success next year can not be secured by the manipulation of patronage, nor by the working of a machine, but solely by permitting free expression to the real sentiment of the party. To aim at this freedom in the primary meeting and the local convention is to do all that the individual voter can do to promote Republican victory in '84.

LIFE OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

THE *Life of James Buchanan*, by **George Ticknor Curtis**, like that of General **Dix**, by his son, Rev. Dr. **Dix**—two books which the **Harpers** have just published—is a very important contribution to the history of American politics. Both memoirs contain valuable documents hitherto unpublished, and throw light upon some doubtful and obscure points connected with the war of the rebellion. No student of our politics can dispense with these biographies, which are but the precursors of the memoirs of other conspicuous actors of the war epoch, and especially that of Mr. **Lincoln**, which has been too long delayed. Mr. **Buchanan** was a type of the successful Democratic politician during the final ascendency of that party, and he is as good a representative as could be selected of its general views and conduct in the most tremendous and vital conflict of our politics, the slavery controversy, which ended in civil war and a free Union. He was born in 1791, and he died in 1868. He saw the rise and growth of the slave power, its moral subjugation of public opinion, its total prostitution of our politics, its relentless purpose, and its nefarious spirit, and, as this book shows, he was its constant servant and abettor. He never uttered a word of rebuke or protest. In all the speeches and letters and conversations upon the subject which are here recorded there is no evidence of any kind, so far as we have observed, that he had the least perception of the unspeakable wrong of slavery, or of the eternal law which **George Mason** had pointed out in the Constitutional Convention, and which makes deliberate acquiescence and participation in such a wrong necessarily fatal to any nation. There is nothing which shows that it ever occurred to Mr. **Buchanan** that any American citizen had a right to regard slavery as other than a legal status which the Constitution recognized. Apparently he had not the least perception that even if as a citizen he could do little by direct political action, he was morally bound as a man to stimulate public opinion to make political action possible.

This moral blindness and indifference and ignorance of the necessary relation between morals and politics—a blindness upon which many abler men than Mr. **Buchanan** have prided themselves—was the key of his whole political career, as it is that of the course of the Democratic party. It was an endeavor to avoid the unavoidable and to eliminate conscience from politics. In all of Mr. **Buchanan**'s speeches there is incessant assertion of the legal rights of the slave-owner, but not a word of sympathy or indignation for the outraged human rights of the slave. He thinks no villain so black as the man who would imperil the "family altar" of the slave-holder by asserting the right of every innocent man to personal liberty, but he has not even mild disapproval for those who bred human beings for the market, and sold the husband from the wife and the daughter from the mother. There is no more curious and startling record in our annals of the imbruting influence of slavery upon a respectable and not ill-meaning mind than this *Life* of Mr. **Buchanan**. Unable to measure the force of a moral impulse which he could not comprehend, and which he thought it wrong to indulge, or to understand the character of his countrymen, he was always treating a political situation which sprang from the most profound and powerful of human emotions in the spirit of a pettifogging lawyer, and seeking to compromise differences which were, in the nature of things, irreconcilable. Mr. Buchanan's biographer regards him as a great statesman. But it seems to us fatal to such a claim that he was not able to see that the conflict was irrepressible and could not be compromised. Practical statesmanship required resolute withstanding of the encroachments of the slave power, and its rigorous restriction to its pound of flesh. The biographer's summary of the situation when the antislavery movement began also seems to us to be based upon a misconception, first, of the necessary tendency of slavery, politically and industrially intrenched, to expand and perpetuate itself; and second, of the fact that this was its actual policy.

When the slave power, whose malign spirit, according to our view, he had sedulously fostered throughout his career in Congress, rose in insurrection, Mr. Buchanan, who had sowed the wind, was appalled by the whirlwind. As President he denied the right of secession, proposed to abandon half of the free continent to slavery, in order to conciliate the slave-holders, and denounced the antislavery movement as virtually responsible for the contest. Yet had the slave-holders begun actual war during his term, he would, as he alleged, have done precisely what Mr. Lincoln did in maintaining the authority of the government by force; and when the war did begin he held it to be the duty of all good citizens to sustain the Lincoln administration. Upon this point the book will correct some current misapprehensions. Mr. Buchanan was not a secessionist, and while he sympathized with the slave-holders, he did not admit that secession was a constitutional or a reasonable remedy for their alleged grievances. He was unequal to his position, not because he connived at the treachery of individuals or at overt rebellion, not for any technical and perfunctory reason, but because he did not comprehend the real conflict in which he was involved. His successor, one of the great Presidents, had seen and said long before, and while yet unknown to the country, "A house divided against itself can not stand: the Union can not endure half slave and half free." We hope that the *Life of James Buchanan* will be widely read. It can not fail to show young Americans how easily political ambition may sophisticate the moral nature, and how plausibly infidelity to the cardinal American principle may be defended as a constitutional duty. It can not fail, also, to teach deep and wise distrust of a party whose chief tradition is the attempt, under pretense of peculiar respect for the Constitution, to convert a free republic into a slave empire.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

In a very few words Collector Robertson, of New York, the head of the office at which two-thirds of the foreign revenue of the country is collected, states how honestly he has observed the spirit of the reformed system. It is not wonderful that the spoils faction is indignant with the President. Collector Robertson has held the office for two years, and he says:

> "I have removed from office but seventeen employés since I have been Collector, and all of these removals were for sufficient cause. Eight were for intemperance, three were for continued absence without leave, one for neglect of duty, one for sleeping at his post, two for passing baggage without proper examination, and two upon charges in financial matters. Every appointment has been made under the operation of the civil service rules. When I became Collector there were sixty persons temporarily filling positions. These places have since been permanently filled by candidates who have passed the requisite examination."

Collector Arthur stated in 1878 that under his three immediate predecessors more than one-fourth of the persons employed were removed every year. The reports of Congressional committees show that during the three years' term of one of those predecessors, who was not a Republican, out of 903 officers employed 830 were removed, another made 338 removals in eighteen months, and another 510 removals in sixteen months. Upon Collector Robertson's showing it is plain that if reform is desirable, the Republican party must stay.

BRUTALITY.

In a prize-fight two roughs, who have sneaked away to an obscure spot, pummel each other till one is so battered and bloody that he can not rise in the specified time, and the other is declared the victor. Principals, seconds, and witnesses are in momentary dread of the police, well knowing that, if caught, their arrest is sure. In a letter to the New York *Tribune* Mr. William Blaikie has made it plain that the recent meeting in Madison Square Garden, in which Sullivan stood up and battered Slade until he was insensible, was nothing less than a prize-fight, and a very rapid one at that. Generally one brute may take his time in pounding the other till he is insensible, and the longer the delectable business is carried on the better the on-lookers seem to enjoy it. But this time, as was widely announced by the press, in order to win, one had to disable the other—"knock him out," or "knock him silly"—"in four rounds" of three minutes each. The trainers, seconds, time-keeper, and referee, the twenty-four-foot ring, "first blood," "first knock-down," and the final "knocking-out" of one of the principals—everything, in short, which makes a prize-fight was there. Nor was this thing done in a corner, but right in the heart of the metropolis, and before one of the largest gatherings ever seen in this city.

The breach of the law of New York was complete, and we would like to ask District-Attorney McKeon why the principals and those who aided and abetted in this brutal and degrading spectacle should not be arrested and brought to trial as soon as they can be found within this State. Police-Captain Williams knows them by sight, and can make one good witness for the county. We would also like to inquire why, by being present and countenancing this disgraceful business, the latter did not "aid and encourage or do any act to further a ring or prize fight." But the statute says this too is a misdemeanor. Then why should he not stand his trial also?

It is time for prompt, decisive, and vigorous treatment of this brutal work. If the reputable press will refuse its columns to all reference to it, it will cripple it very seriously. But if the District Attorney will do his simple duty, it will go far toward ending in this city and State, and probably throughout the country as well, one of the most cruel and inhuman practices mankind has yet devised, and seen fit to call sport.

"INDOORS AND OUTDOORS."

The National Association for Sanitary and Rural Improvement, of which the Hon. Erastus Brooks is president, and whose object is to diffuse information upon sanitary ways and means, and the details of improvement in the case of rural neighborhoods, has begun the publication of a small monthly journal, for fifty cents a year, which will be found a very useful and attractive monthly visitor "to all whom it may concern," that is, to everybody who wishes to improve rather than to let things drift until reform has become indispensable. *Indoors and Outdoors* is the title of the neat and comely little journal of the association, the list of whose officers comprises the names of many of the most eminent sanitarians and landscape artists in the country.

THE DULL AND DROLL SEASON.

Judge Hoadly has returned from Alabama, and he says to a *Herald* correspondent that he has had but one conversation with Mr. Woodward since his election, and that he did not tell him that his nomination had cost him $50,000. There was no allusion to the subject.

This statement of Judge Hoadly's disposes of that matter. Now let Mr. Tilden say whether he killed Hancock. The *Sun* has already offered $5000 to any one who will prove that it ridiculed its own candidate three years ago.

It is evidently the dull—but droll—political season.

AN AMUSING EXTREMITY.

The chief contribution of the Democratic party toward the campaign of next year is an attempt to defame the dead Garfield by means of Dorsey's statements, supplemented by similar anonymous allegations. As yet, however, no evidence has been produced. Dorsey says what he chooses, and vituperates at his pleasure. His stories have probably not affected the opinion of a single person in the country, while the repetition of them by the Democratic press as a telling argument against Republican ascendency, in view of the unqualified condemnation and repudiation of Dorsey by the Republican press, shows how curiously feeble is the Democratic assault. That unhappy party, which in the last twenty years has been at its wits' end to find some way of returning to the control of the government which Democrats sought to overthrow, apparently thinks that the true way is to call the roll of Republican rascals whom the Republicans have turned out.

PERSONAL.

The project of getting Jenny Lind to sing in New York is again talked of in musical circles. A gentleman who had something to do with that eminent singer's first appearance in this country said, the other day: "I am sure that Jenny Lind would be a success if she returned to America. Everybody that heard her sing here thirty years ago would wish to hear her again, and everybody that ever heard of her would like at least to see her. Her upper notes are all gone, and she is more than sixty years old, but she sings with all the old fervor, and her heart is as large as ever. If Sir Julius Benedict, who is still her friend and adviser, could be induced to accompany her, I think she would be glad of a chance to return to this country. But Sir Julius is getting old, and dreads the sea."

—Mr. William Davidge, the veteran comedian, expresses the conviction that the stage of to-day represents a development in a downward direction. The reign of "stars," he says, is one bad sign of the times. "A 'star' used to be an actor of celebrity in his or her own country; but now anybody feels at liberty to appear as a 'star,' and to be advertised as 'celebrated,' 'distinguished,' 'unequaled,' and so on. The best theatres would willingly present the best plays, but the public will not support them in so doing. You can't blame the managers for this state of things; the managers take their cue from the public. Formerly it was supposed that to become a successful actor required some natural ability and a good deal of training, but nowadays a fashionable beauty can use the dramatic profession as a short road to wealth. It is surprising how little real acting you see on the stage. Audiences don't seem to care for it any more. As for comedy, if a man blackens his face, wears a high collar, and puts himself through a course of antics, he earns an easy and remunerative reputation. Irving is an excellent actor, no doubt, but a better manager, and he will set his plays superbly. But I don't think his Shakspearean *rôles* will be successful in this country; the popular ideal has been fixed by Edwin Booth, and Irving's vast deviations from it are not likely to be appreciated."

—Monsignor Capel (he requests that his name be pronounced *Cay-ple*, and not *Capelle*) expresses to a reporter a wish to have been born a Jew, and then to have become a Christian.

—The few persons who know the facts of the case are always amused when recalling the "grand ovation" offered to Madame Patti in Brooklyn last winter. On the occasion of her first appearance for the season the horses were taken from her carriage after the conclusion of the opera, and the vehicle in which she had taken her seat was drawn to her hotel by "the enthusiastic populace"—as the newspapers all over the country announced. The "enthusiastic populace," however, consisted of a score or so of Brooklyn stablemen who had been hired to perform the laborious service at five dollars a head.

—The point of view chosen by the photographer when about to place the instrument is a matter of such moment that pictorial artists who desire to use a photographic reproduction of a scene are getting into the habit either of owning or borrowing a *camera obscura* themselves, or of calling upon the services of some brother artist who possesses one. It requires an artist, they say, to put the instrument in proper position.

—A New York artist who crosses the North River twice daily, while going to his home in New Jersey or returning from it, says that the view of the metropolis from the middle of the river is finer at nine o'clock in the morning than when under the sunset glow. "The presence of hundreds of ascending streams of steam and smoke causes the whole city to seem like a thing of life, and exercises a strong and most agreeable effect upon the imagination." He wonders why all the ferry companies do not follow the example of painting their boats in browns or reds rather than in colorless, staring white.

—Under the head of "American Art Industry," the *Reichenberger Zeitung* of a recent date says: "Baron Johann von Liebig has favored the New York section of our permanent Exposition with the temporary loan of two works of art presented to him by Mr. Stanton, which excite the interest of visitors, partly because they come from America—a country which has given us little opportunities to study its art industry, of which these are remarkably fine specimens. The first is a Christmas volume published by Harper & Brothers, filled with magnificent wood-engravings. The binding, corresponding in taste to the contents, is ornamented with an impression in gold, of simple but noble design, which—apart from all difference of judgment regarding ornamentation—is very pleasing to the eye. The beautiful brown leather tone of the binding contributes essentially to the effect of the design."

—Mr. Henry James, in noticing the fact that Alphonse Daudet, the novelist, has been accused of portraying living persons in his novels, declares that "the temptation to 'put people into a book' is one of which every writer of fiction knows something, and I hold that to succumb to it is not only legitimate, but inevitable. Putting people into books is what the novelist lives upon; the only question in the matter is a question of taste; the operation must be judged by the manner in which it is performed. Daudet has been accused of doing the thing too boldly, and I believe that two or three of his portraits have provoked a protest."

—A few minutes after the failure of Ballou & Co. was announced at the New York Stock Exchange, and when the members of that institution were particularly bent upon uproar, a gentleman and his little daughter entered the visitors' gallery to look upon the scene. "Are they *all* crazy, papa?" asked the youthful innocent. "Yes," was the quiet reply, "they are all crazy."

—Cardinal McCloskey has been resting at Atlantic City, where his chief diversion is riding in an open carriage. A correspondent describes him as above the medium height, and well proportioned, though uncommonly slight. Clear deep-set eyes burn with a steady glow under heavy bushy brows. A head, ample and strong, is crowned with beautiful silvery hair. His brow and cheeks have been deeply touched by Time; but among all the lines none are more clearly marked than those of firmness around the mouth. The rather thin lips are mobile, and nothing can be more assuring than the Cardinal's smile.

—An essayist in the *British Quarterly Review* for July, in an article on the relation of drugs to medicine, notices a certain trait of skepticism that has "run like a thread through the whole history of medicine in the best thought of every age. There have always been found physicians of eminence who have confessed to a want of faith in their own art. 'The best medicine is not to use medicine' of Celsus has been uttered in every language by the most thoughtful men of every age. And with all the positive science of our own time, we find our best physicians saying the same thing." That eminent physician Dr. Willard Parker once observed to the writer of this paragraph that the best way of curing typhoid fever was to put the patient in the open air, under a tent, and feed him on milk.

—Mr. Edward A. Freeman on the late John Richard Green: "He used to say, merrily, that he wrote three kinds of articles in the *Saturday Review*. There were historical and topographical articles, which he said were attributed to me; there were light social articles, which he said were attributed to a lady of high rank who was believed to write in that paper; there were articles on matters in the eastern parts of London, which he said were not attributed to anybody, because nobody read them." It took Mr. Green only a day to write an article.

—The Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, the English ritualist, has tried "to prevent religion from degenerating into asceticism" by establishing a weekly dancing class in his parish in London. He professes to have shown that "dancing can be enjoyed without drinking." Every other dance on the programme is a square dance, and every dance is extremely vigorous. Most of the dancers are engaged in large manufactories during the day. On the other hand, the pastor of the Methodist church at Bridgeville, New York, has declined to receive for the purchase of a bell some money obtained at "sociables" where the young people indulged in dancing.

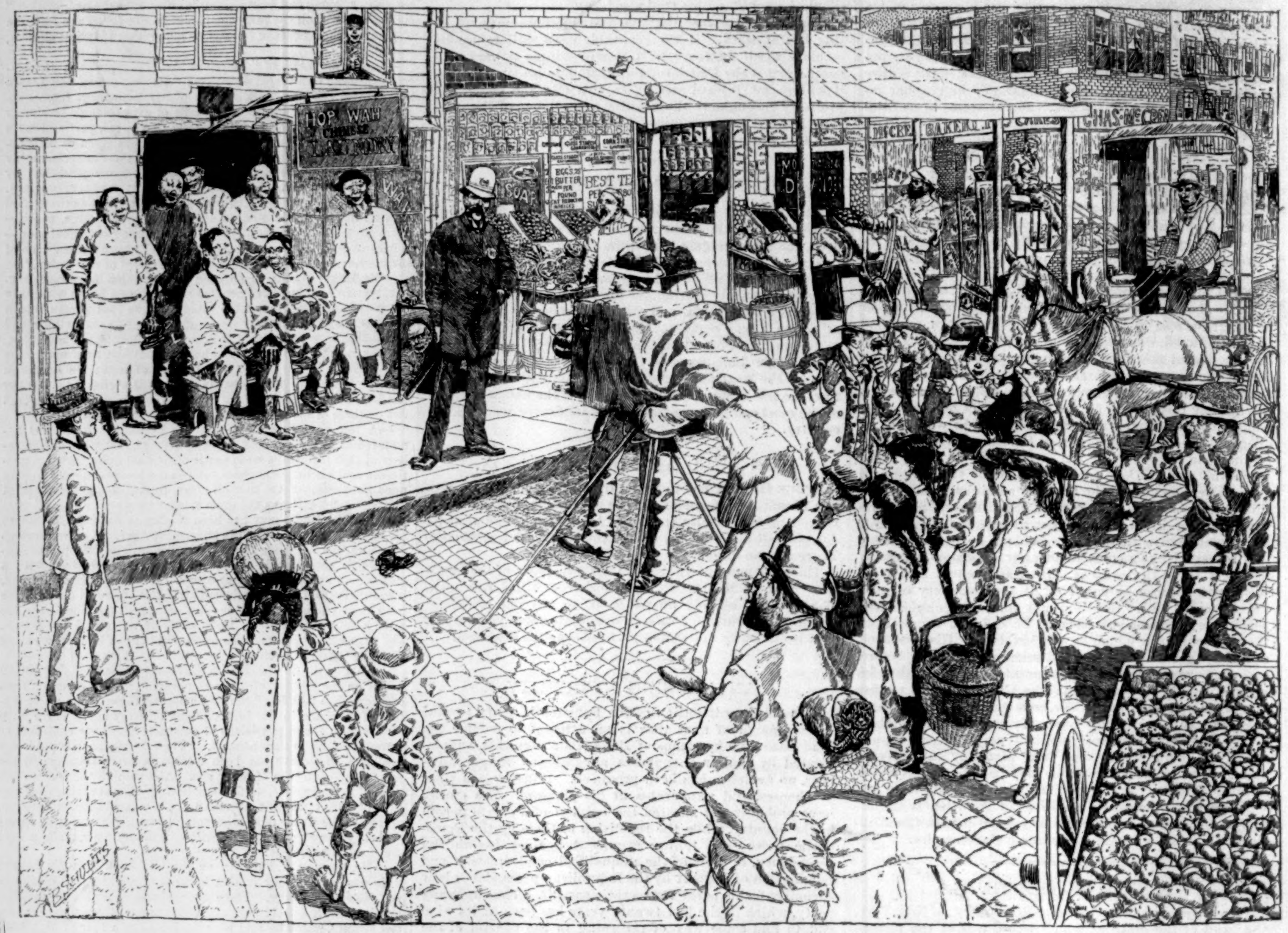
—The Armenian convent on the island of San Lazzaro, near Venice, has been partly destroyed by fire. But the room where Byron used to read the Armenian Bible is still preserved, as also are Byron's autograph, and Mr. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, presented to the convent by the author, who wrote on a fly-leaf his hope of being sometimes "remembered by the good brothers."

—The *Westminster Review* having read "with deep and grateful interest" Mr. Browning's latest volume of poems, finds it "impossible to deny that he is a great poet, but there will be ever a division of opinion as to whether he is a great artist or an eccentric craftsman."

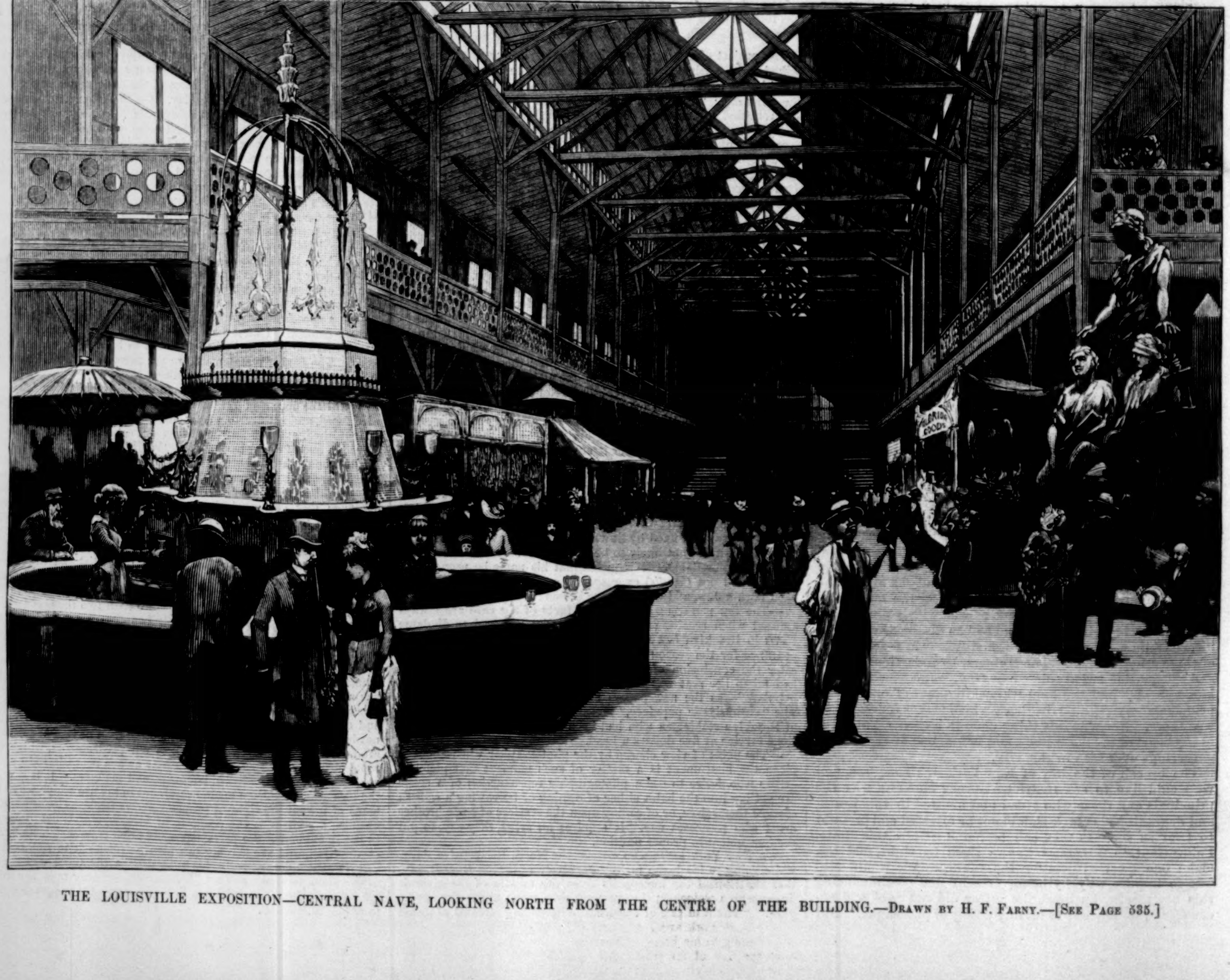
—In a speech before an English high school the Bishop of Manchester condemned what he called the system of cram, and declared that the Americans had found it to be a false educational basis. The Bishop's statement, we are sorry to say, will be news in some of our institutions of learning.

—The Governor of Gibraltar was dining with the Italian Admiral on board the iron-clad *Dandolo*, when suddenly the electric-light wire fused, and set fire to a bulk-head. The flames were at once extinguished, and the banquet went on. A similar accident occurred in one of the bedrooms of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's house on Fifth Avenue shortly before the edifice was ready for occupancy. Electric sparks chased one another across the apartment, producing a beautiful exhibition of fire-works, but sadly scorching the silk hangings that decorated the wall spaces. Mr. Vanderbilt, on learning of the affair, and witnessing some of its results, immediately gave orders to have gas introduced into the house, and he has used it ever since for lighting purposes.

—M. Victorien Sardou, the French dramatist, having been prosecuted by a literary rival on a charge of plagiarism, defended himself in court by saying that the question, though a delicate one, was by no means new. "It is more than two thousand years old, and the good sense of the public has always solved it in the same way. Literary property resides in the particular form which the author has given to a general idea. This definition is not my own; it is the definition of everybody. How can it be otherwise? Humanity is always the same. It repeats itself unceasingly. It has always the same passions, the same follies, the same vices. The drama makes use of these passions, these follies, these vices, and consequently turns necessarily in the same circle. One can not invent a new man, nor paint him other than he is. We artists are constantly taking up the work of our predecessors, which we reproduce only with such modifications as are necessitated by diversities of social condition, language, and manners. It is not in the idea which we have made use of, but in the use which we have made of it, that the right of property shows itself. Consequently an idea, a subject, is the property of everybody. What belongs to the individual is the particular stand-point from which he looks at a subject, and the manner in which he places it in relief—the way in which he arranges his plot, groups his personages, and causes them to speak and act." After deliberating over the matter for eight days—according to French usage—the judges decided to acquit M. Sardou.


HOP WAH
CHINESE LAUNDRY
SOAP
EGGS 25
BUTTER PER POUND
BEST TE
BAKERY
CAKES
CHAS. McCRE
A. B. SHULTS

A STROLLING PHOTOGRAPHER IN CHINATOWN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by A. B. Shults.



THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION—CENTRAL NAVE, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE CENTRE OF THE BUILDING.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 535.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER X.

GEORGE SUCCORS BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

Early the next day my uncle mounted his horse and rode away for some destination unknown, leaving a message to the effect that he would probably not be back in time for luncheon. It was very seldom that he absented himself from that meal, except when called away on magisterial business; and upon this occasion both Mrs. Farquhar and I were led to conclude that there was something in the wind. That that something was not unconnected with the discovery which had been made on the previous evening seemed to me more than probable; but Mrs. Farquhar, who was without that clew to the general situation, and who was afflicted with one of those restless minds which are forever probing into the causes of things, exhausted herself in conjectures, and plied me with abrupt queries, until I began to fear that, if she did not extract my secret from me, she would at least find out that I had a secret to be extracted—which would be very nearly as bad.

To escape from this danger I left the house, and walked down to the woods in search of Bunce, whom I found, as I had expected to do, in a clearing where a number of hen-coops had been set up for the young pheasants. Bunce, with his hands in the pockets of his old velveteen coat, was bending anxiously over some of the more delicate of his nurslings; and he said that that there bending and stooping was the very doose and all for the lumbagy; also that the rearing of young birds was enough to break a man's heart, let alone his back. He further remarked that some men was ignorant of their business and a many was too lazy to attend to it; but that his motter was, Do your dooty, no matter what it costs you. If you didn't get no thanks, you should have bore in mind, if you was a sensible man, that you hadn't ought for to have expected none; such being the way of the world. He proceeded, with his usual modesty, to insinuate that he was himself the only keeper worthy to be so called in the county; after which he straightened himself up and made a slow examination of me from head to foot, as though to estimate the probability of my achieving a success approaching his in my own calling in life.

"So they're a-goin' to put you into the furrin ministerial business, I hear, Mr. Chawls," said he.

I replied that I was going into the diplomatic service, if that was what he meant.

"Ah! Well, I ain't seen no Ambassadors, not as I can call to mind; but I seen some o' them Colony Governors, with a deal o' gold-lace about 'em, and their cocked hats under their arms. Shouldn't ha' knowed 'em from Lord Mayors' flunkys myself. But there! it takes all kinds o' folks to make up a world, as they say. I'd rather ha' heard you was to wear her Majesty's uniform, Mr. Chawls."

"Well, I am going to wear her Majesty's uniform, Bunce."

"So you are, sir, to be sure. Though 'tis more like a livery, by my way o' thinking. And how long might you be likely to stick to that trade, sir, if I may ask?"

"Upon my word, I don't know," I answered. "All my life, I dare say."

Bunce shook his head. "'Tain't for me to speak," said he; "but accordin' to my notions, sir, your place is at Thirlby, and not in furrin parts. Squire he'll be that lonely, when you're gone, I don't know what we're to do with him. He do get terrible low at times—don't seem to take what I call a interest in things. What does he want to send you off out o' sight for? 'Tis my belief as that there old woman's at the bottom of it, with her everlastin' schemes and minoovers. Take care as she don't play you some dirty trick, sir, soon as your back's turned. Clear enough it is to me what she's a-drivin' at, and if she could get her own way, you'd never have a acre o' this here property to call your own, Mr. Chawls."

"I know what you mean, Bunce," I said; "but you're wrong. I'm getting rather tired of hearing my chances of inheriting this property talked about; but at the present moment Mrs. Farquhar is quite as anxious that I should get the place as you can be, and a great deal more so than I am myself. I don't mind telling you that much."

"So you may think, sir—so you may think. But, Lord love you! you don't understand the plaguy ways o' women yet. And she's a deep one, she is. I wouldn't trust her no further than I could see her—no; nor yet as fur! And as for not bein' anxious to get Thirlby, why, that's a kind o' foolishness as you'll find yourself grow out of wonderful quick, sir. There's worse things in this wicked world than a fine old house and a nice estate and a good head o' game and—"

"And an unrivalled gamekeeper to look after it, eh?"

"Many a true word, sir, is spoke in jest," remarked Bunce, sententiously. "Squire knows what these here coverts is now, and what they was twenty years ago, though he never cared much for sport hisself. And here he comes. Now I'd lay half a crown to a sixpence he don't so much as ask a question about them young birds."

Bunce would have won his bet if he had found a taker; for my uncle, who presently joined us, contented himself with inquiring civilly after Mrs. Bunce's health—as if Mrs. Bunce had ever been known to be anything but well—and led me away without even glancing at his pheasants.

"I have been to lunch with the Warrens, Charley," he said, as soon as we were beyond the range of Bunce's sharp ears, "and I am glad to say that I have concluded an arrangement which I hope you will think satisfactory. I wrote to you, as you may remember, some time ago, that I doubted whether it would be worth your while to return to Oxford and take your degree; and what happened yesterday quite decided me to carry out a plan which I had already been turning over in my mind, and to send you abroad for a year or thereabouts. Before you can enter the diplomatic service you will have to pass an examination in modern languages and a few other subjects, which is not a very hard one, I believe, but which will require a certain amount of reading up; and I fancied that you would get through this necessary work more profitably as well as more pleasantly if you were travelling with a tutor—"

"A tutor!" I interrupted, in dismay; for the truth was that this proposition appeared to me to cast a cruel slight upon the dignity of my years.

"A coach, if you prefer the term—some one to read with you. I did not mean to suggest that he should take a birch in his portmanteau. Well; it occurred to me that George Warren might be willing to see something of foreign lands before settling down to his profession; so I rode over this morning and laid my proposal before him and his father. They were both very ready to agree to it; only George had some conscientious scruples on the score of his teaching capacities, which I made so bold as to overrule. Now what do you think?"

"Oh, if it's only old George—" I said. "I suppose it is quite decided that I am to go, in any case?"

"Well, yes; unless you can bring forward some very good reason for your remaining in England. And even then," added my uncle, with a smile, "I am afraid I should have to drive you out of Norfolk for some time to come. I deplore the necessity, and so, no doubt, do you; but it exists, and we can't escape from it."

Under these circumstances, I thought I might as well give a gracious assent. In the course of the night and morning I had considered my position, and had found fair ground for hope in the fact that Maud had not said No; which she might so easily have done if she had not contemplated saying Yes at some future date.

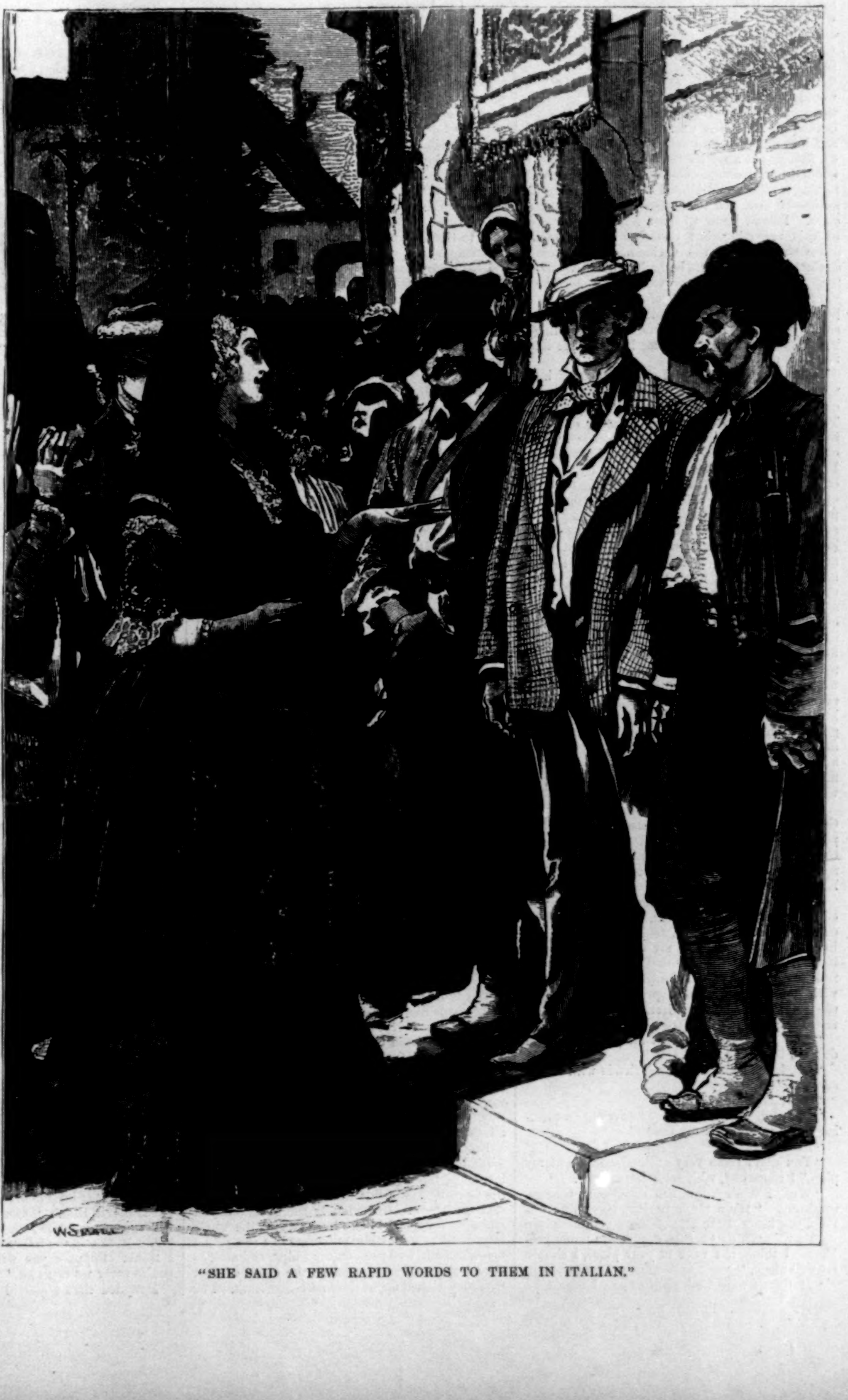
During the intervening period it would perhaps be rather to my advantage that I should keep myself out of sight. Moreover, since it appeared that I was to be allowed no choice in the matter, I felt entitled, without self-reproach, to admit the thought that it would not be bad fun to knock about the continent of Europe with so docile and pliant a companion as I knew that George would prove. What I did not quite anticipate was my uncle's announcement that we were to start in three days' time. I pleaded for a little longer delay; but he was inexorable; and when he asked me why I wanted to put off the evil day, I had no answer to give.

Maud must have understood perfectly well the cause of my forcible removal from the scene; but she expressed her surprise and regret, when we met, as naturally as if she had never in her life sat in a punt among the reeds of Thirlby Broad; and she and my uncle bore themselves toward one another with so elaborate a show of innocent unconsciousness that I could hardly watch them together and keep my countenance. Mrs. Farquhar, on the other hand, neither understood nor approved of the hasty decision which had been arrived at, and gave it as her opinion that Bernard had just taken leave of his senses. Did anybody ever hear of such a thing as removing a young man from the University in the midst of his career, and throwing him headlong among all the temptations and dangers of those dark Popish lands! She protested against such madness with all the power of her tongue up to the end; and I greatly fear that my poor uncle had a bad time of it with her after we were gone.

At the last moment I transgressed so far as to whisper, impressively, to Maud, like Charles I. to Bishop Juxon, "Remember!" My exact meaning may not have been more clear to her than that of the ill-fated king has been to historians; nor, for that matter, did I know very well myself what I meant; but the fact was that I had not the opportunity to say more than one word, and this seemed as comprehensive a one as could be chosen. She smiled very slightly, but did not favor me with any other response, verbal or tacit; and so we parted.

I see her now as I saw her then, standing upon the steps at Thirlby in the morning sunshine, while I scramble up into the dog-cart in which George has already taken his place; I can see the Rector, who has just arrived, in a desperate hurry, as usual, mopping his forehead with a brilliant silk pocket-handkerchief; and my uncle, looking up at me a little sadly; and Mrs. Farquhar, with her cap adrift, owing to natural agitation; and the impassive Cooper in the background. From the gates of the stable-yard hard by Bunce and half a dozen other friends of humbler position grin their farewells and their wishes for a pleasant journey and a speedy return. It is difficult to believe that this happened more than thirty years ago, and that the place which once knew all those kindly faces so well knows them no more.

Thirty years ago travelling abroad was not the commonplace, matter-of-fact sort of business that it is to-day. Railways there were; but they were few in number, and did not extend very far south; national types were more strongly marked, or were, at any rate, more perceptible to the tourist; the tourist himself was a person of distinct individuality, with whom, as he wended his leisurely way, people stopped to speak, instead of being, as he is now, one of a horde, whom they stand aside to let pass; inns were good or bad, cheap or dear, as the case might be; they were not all bad nor all dear; coffee was still to be had in France; good manners had not yet gone out of fashion in Italy, nor honesty in Switzerland. In other words, I was twenty years of age in the middle of the present century; whereas the century and I are both becoming a little *passés* now. I say that the Continent was a far pleasanter place to wander over in the year 1852 than it is in 1883, and I don't care who maintains the contrary. As for my companion and me, we set foot upon it at Calais with sensations of wonder and delight, such as I can not conceive any young man of the present day capable of experiencing. Everything was new to us; and in search of further novelty we had only to move where we pleased and as far as we pleased, east, west, or south; for our instructions had been of a vague and liberal order. The only restriction laid upon us bore reference to Paris, in which gay city my uncle considered that a stay of three or four weeks at the outside would be enough for all legitimate purposes; and I sup-



"SHE SAID A FEW RAPID WORDS TO THEM IN ITALIAN."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

pose that was why we headed for Paris at once, and remained there to the last day of our permitted month.

At that season of the year Paris was, of course, empty, socially speaking; but its attractions were not lessened, so far as we were concerned, by the absence of the fashionable world. The streets were full of people, whose costume and gestures afforded us endless merriment; in the theatres, whither we repaired on most nights, in order to improve our knowledge of the language, were crowds sufficient to render the air almost unbreathable; the *cafés* were thronged with noisy politicians, who harangued for or against the tottering Republic, and whose several views reached us by fragments above the clatter of the dominoes and the click of the billiard balls. Once, while we were sitting on the Boulevard des Italiens, an obliging neighbor pointed out to us General Cavaignac striding by with his head in the air; and once, from our window, we saw the Prince-President driving past in an open carriage, looking gloomy and impenetrable, as usual. He was not so fortunate as to earn our approbation, I remember, in the matter of personal appearance. "There is a good deal more of the owl than the eagle about *him*," George said, contemptuously. "He may be a first-rate conspirator; but if he attempts to play the game of dictatorship over this disrespectful nation, he'll get that melancholy head of his chopped off as sure as he's born!"

We were domiciled in the Rue Louis-le-Grand, in a house which was subsequently razed to the ground, together with many others, during the piping times when Baron Haussmann was Prefect of the Seine, and when the potentate whose fate George had so rashly forecast had become a full-fledged eagle, with no fear of the Germanic variety of the species before his eyes. The street was narrow, as most Parisian streets were then; but it was a lively one, and I spent a good deal of the time in looking out of window which I ought to have employed in studying Wheaton's *International Law*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and Hallam's *Constitutional History*, all which works were spread out invitingly for me on the table every morning by George, who was more successful in getting up subjects himself than in inducing me to follow his example. "You will be plucked, to a dead certainty," he would sigh sometimes; but I assured him that there was no cause for alarm, and that, when the critical moment drew nearer, I should throw myself into my work, and accomplish what I had to do, though not after his fashion. Some people, I pointed out, overcame obstacles by sapping and mining; others annihilated them by a *coup de main*—he belonged to the former, I to the latter class. I don't know whether he was convinced by this reasoning, but doubtless his common-sense showed him the uselessness of arguing against it; for, in truth, he had no authority over me. All he stipulated for was that we should at least go through the form of reading for a few hours every morning, and to this I could not reasonably object. In the afternoons and evenings we wandered abroad, studying Parisian life and manners under various aspects.

Wherever we went—and chance took us into some queer places—I was haunted by a vague expectation of encountering my castaway cousin. That I should come across him sooner or later, in Paris or elsewhere, I was convinced; and as often as I saw a seedy out-at-elbows Englishman I began scanning his features eagerly in the effort to trace in them some resemblance to those of my uncle. With a few of these disreputable persons I made some excuse to scrape acquaintance, and I remember in particular one raffish-looking half-tipsy youth whom we chanced upon at a *café chantant*, and who responded to my advances with the utmost cordiality. I really thought he had quite a Le Marchant sort of look about the eyes and mouth, and the trifling detail of his being at least a dozen years too young did not strike me at the moment. Only after he had begun to scatter his h's about in a reckless manner was I reluctantly forced to the conclusion that he could not be the man of whom I was in search. It then seemed to be about time to shake him off, and I accordingly signaled to George to get up; but my friend would not be shaken off at all, accompanied us down the Champs Élysées, addressing me as "ole feller" in a loud voice, and finally requested the loan of twenty francs, at which price I was glad to be rid of him.

When he had stumbled away into the darkness George ventured on a mild remonstrance. "What possesses you to speak to these cads, Charley? One would think you had some private reasons for forcing your company upon every drunken loafer within reach."

I replied that I had such reasons, and proceeded to explain what they were, while George plodded along beside me and listened in silence. He knew the whole story of my uncle's calamity—indeed, it appeared to me that everybody in Norfolk except myself had always been acquainted with it—and he did not express any surprise at the quest which I had undertaken, only a sort of tacit disapproval.

"And when you have got him, what will you do with him?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Make friends with him, I suppose."

"Yes; and then?"

"Oh, well, then I must try to arrange a meeting between him and my uncle."

"I see."

"You don't seem very enthusiastic about my plan," I remarked, with some impatience.

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure," said George, musingly. "It's a noble project, no doubt; but then, you know, I am one of those commonplace people who can't, as a rule, appreciate noble projects. I think, if I were in your place, I should let well alone."

"If things were well as they are, I would let them alone," I answered; "but they are not. They are well for me, of course; but one isn't to consider one's own interests above and before everything. I should have thought you would have understood that. Maud did at once. She quite agreed with me that it was my duty to find out this unfortunate fellow and let him have another chance, though she acknowledged that she hoped I should not succeed."

"Miss Dennison," said George, "takes the romantic view of the case; and that is quite right, and what one would wish her to do. She has a noble and generous nature herself; she would like to be able to think that you too were generous and willing to sacrifice your prospects rather than be partner—sleeping partner even—in an injustice. And yet, you see, she doesn't go the extreme length of wishing you success; she wants you to have the glory of being disinterested, but not the inconvenience. As for me, I am quite content to follow her lead. By all means go on looking for your cousin; only I hope you won't find him. And indeed I don't think you will."

"That remains to be seen," I remarked.

"But supposing that, by some queer chance, you should find him," pursued George, "you will then, as you say, have to lead him home to Mr. Le Marchant, who is not likely either to thank you or to change his mind at your suggestion; and again, supposing that he does change his mind, the odds are that the son will turn out to be altogether irreclaimable, and then there will be another quarrel and another scandal; and again, supposing that all goes smoothly, that the son behaves himself, and that the father is delighted to have him back again and consents to cut you adrift—then what will you have left to marry upon? I really do think that you had better leave well alone."

I thought this rather cynical of George; but, to tell the truth, I was not very disconsolate at my failure to discover Harry in Paris. If he chose to turn up, well and good, and I should then, I hoped, know how to do my duty; but, after all, I had not come abroad to seek for him.

When summer was fading into autumn we set our faces toward the south, journeying by rail as far as the train would take us—which, if I remember rightly, was not beyond Lyons—and thence dawdling on to the Mediterranean, stopping at places where nobody dreams of passing a night now, and enjoying the color, the picturesque out-door life, the wines, and the songs of windy Provence as Sterne and the old travellers used to enjoy them, and as no traveller will ever enjoy them again. At Nice we made another long halt, and it was not until the last days of October that we struck a bargain with a *vetturino*, who was to take us by way of the Cornice road to Genoa, whence we proposed to travel by easy stages toward Rome.

I see by my Bradshaw that a railway now runs through that lovely district, and I am told by many friends that the little white villages which used to be dotted along the coast-line are now more or less lively watering-places, with the conventional big hotels and the usual winter population of invalids and idlers. I should doubt whether these things can be an improvement, but to me personally it is of no consequence. I have never revisited the Riviera, and I never shall. In the year 1852, when George Warren and I drove along its shores in the brilliant autumn sunshine, and looked down upon "bays the peacock's neck in hue," where bare-legged fishermen sat mending their nets, or out upon distant headlands clothed with the silvery olive, I thought to myself that I would return thither on my wedding trip; but circumstances interfered with the realization of this scheme, and now I should be very sorry to destroy a happy memory by a stupid attempt to refresh it.

It was on the evening of the second day, I think, that we drew near to the little town of Alassio, where it was intended that we should spend the night. As we entered the dim, narrow street it became evident that the place was in a state of commotion. Above the rattle of our wheels and the clatter of our horses' hoofs we could distinguish a confused din of shouts and oaths and cracking of whips, which grew clearer presently, when our driver pulled up, being unable to advance further on account of the crowd of gesticulating inhabitants which blocked the way. We both stood up and looked over the heads of the excited population. In front of the inn were drawn up two travelling-carriages, facing in opposite directions, and each with its four horses harnessed; but the four postilions had dismounted, and were dancing round one another in the vacant space between the two vehicles, flourishing their whips, and exchanging threats of a most terrible and blood-curdling nature.

"What is all the row about?" George inquired of our *vetturino*, who shrugged his shoulders, and said: "It is a difficulty about the horses. They both want to get on, and there are only four fresh beasts to be had, so they are quarrelling. It often happens like that—*che vuole?*"

"Did you ever see such a set of capering fools?" exclaimed George, who had a fine British disdain for all foreign methods of carrying on hostilities. "Why can't they set to work with their fists, if they mean fighting? Upon my word, I've a great mind to go and show them the way. I don't suppose they do mean fighting at all, though."

However, he did them an injustice there. Even while he spoke a whip-lash, either by accident or intention, fell right across the cheek of one of the postilions, and this was the signal for a general onslaught. Immediately there was a yell and a screech, and in another moment the whole four of them were locked together in a struggling mass, making free use of their whips, and also, so far as one could see through the cloud of dust that they kicked up, of their nails and teeth. The riderless horses began to plunge; the occupants of the further carriage bundled out on to the road in affright; in the other one, a lady whose back was toward us sat looking on at the fray with perfect composure and indifference, paying no attention to her courier and maid, both of whom had jumped down, and were entreating her to do likewise.

"By Jove! she's a cool hand," I said, admiringly. "An English woman evidently. Oughtn't we to go and offer to help her?"

George's insular reserve asserted itself at once. "Oh, I think we had better not interfere," he answered; "she might not like it. I'm quite game to go and separate those lunatics, though, if you choose."

But I had an inquisitive desire to see the lady's face, and at that time of my life I was seldom afflicted with shyness. I stepped up to the side of the carriage, took off my wide-awake, with my best bow, and asked whether I could be of any assistance. "Had you not better get out?" I said. "Nobody is holding your horses, you know."

She turned her head, and took a slow survey of my humble person, which disconcerted me a little. "Thank you," she answered, in a cool, pleasant voice; "but my horses are much too tired to run away. The other people have got the fresh ones, unfortunately. No; I don't know that you can be of any use. Unless," she added, as an afterthought, "you would knock one of those men down: then we should be two to one, which ought to give us a better chance. Or perhaps your friend would like to do it; he seems to be eager for the battle."

These last words, spoken in a somewhat louder key, caught the ear of George, who was much more at home in the art of self-defense than in that of making polite speeches. He waited for no second hint; and in the twinkle of an eye one of the postilions was sprawling on his back, with the soles of his huge boots in the air.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the lady, in great vexation, "he has knocked down the wrong man! How very stupid of him! Now we are done for."

There was no doubt about that. In the midst of the uproar aroused by George's unlucky intervention the enemy quietly vacated the field. The dusty post-boys hoisted themselves into their saddles, the travellers resumed their seats, and presently the rival carriage rolled away toward Oneglia and San Remo, the crowd falling back on either side to give it passage. Meanwhile the guardians of law and order, who had hitherto kept modestly in the background, came forward in the shape of two *carabinieri*. These made a prompt capture of George, and were leading him away—presumably to the lock-up—when the unknown lady stopped them with an imperious gesture. She said a few rapid words to them in Italian, the sense of which I was unable to catch, but which had the effect of causing them at once to relinquish their prisoner. Then she turned to George, who was looking very angry and crest-fallen.

"I have told these men that I am on my way to Turin, and that I shall see his Majesty there—which is true," she said. "I also told them that you were a personage of distinction—which is probably not true, but that can't be helped—and that they would certainly be put to death if they meddled with you. Perhaps you had better give them some money, though. Not too much; ten *lire* each will be ample." She added, as she stepped out of her carriage, "You should not be so hasty. If you had taken the trouble to ask me which were my postilions you would have saved your money, and I might have been able to continue my journey."

"I am very sorry," said George, half laughing, half indignant.

She smiled. "Oh," said she, "you meant well; and, after all, it does not much matter. It is only spending a night here, and I suppose they can give me rooms." With which she marched into the inn, followed by her courier and maid, leaving us to arrange matters with the *carabinieri* and the bruised postilion, the latter of whom was naturally much annoyed at the treatment he had received, and assessed his injuries at two napoleons.

"What an extraordinary woman!" ejaculated George, as we entered the dark, musty-smelling inn, after discharging the various claims made upon us—what a very extraordinary woman!"

"She certainly is not ordinary," I agreed; "but I don't know that she is any the worse for that. I wonder who she is? Did you notice that she said she was going to see the King of Sardinia?"

"She said she would see him at Turin; but then so might you or I, you know—in the street," observed the cautious George. "I didn't much like the look of her myself," he added.

"I am quite certain that she is a lady," said I, decisively; "one could tell that at once by her voice. And I must say that I did rather like the look of her."

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure. She has cost me a lot of money, and all the skin off my knuckle," observed George, ruefully. "I don't care if I never see her again."

I said I should be very much disappointed if we didn't see her again, and added that I was determined at least to find out who she was before she left.

I very soon obtained the desired information, for in about a quarter of an hour the courier whom we had seen below appeared at our door, and handed me a card bearing the name of Lady Constance Milner, beneath which was scribbled in pencil, *will be glad to see Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Warren at dinner at seven o'clock, and begs that they will not trouble to dress.*

"H'm! it hasn't taken her long to find out who *we* are, anyhow," growled George. "She might have told the fellow to wait for an answer, I think. Suppose you write her a line to say you're sorry we can't go."

I replied that I should certainly not do anything of the kind. Lady Constance undoubtedly meant to be civil, and it was no fault of hers if George had barked his knuckles while falling upon his friends instead of his enemies. Of course he could do as he liked; but I meant to dine with her.

At seven o'clock, accordingly, I and my reluctant companion descended to the first floor, and were shown into a large bare apartment, with a stone floor, and walls painted in rude frescoes. Our entertainer rose from her chair by the window to receive us. She was a fair-haired woman, extremely tall, and holding herself in such a manner as to show every inch of her height. In the carriage she had not struck me as being young; but I saw now that her age could not much exceed five or six and twenty. She had a slight natural droop of the eyelids, and also about the corners of the eyebrows, which gave the upper part of her face a somewhat supercilious expression; but this was contradicted by her mouth, which was rather large, and which wore a bold, frank smile. One noticed these details before asking one's self whether she were handsome or not. Probably nine people out of ten would have called her so, although she had not much beauty of feature. What she had was an air of distinction, an admirable figure, and a travelling dress which fitted her like a glove.

"Please sit down," she said. "I thought, as we are the only people in the inn, we might as well dine together. I can't offer you a good dinner, of course; still, you will fare a little better with me than you would have done alone, for my courier, Antonio, is a universal genius, and I have sent him down to the kitchen to see what he can do. He found out your names for me, but I don't know which is which. Is Mr. Warren the one who gave my postilion the black eye? Ah, I thought so. You are both of you at Oxford or Cambridge, I suppose?"

Her manner was a trifle patronizing; she implied a little too clearly, perhaps, that our names and history were matters of the most complete indifference to her; yet I did not feel offended. It was evidently natural to her to talk like that; there was no affectation in her good-humored nonchalance, and if she did not care about cultivating our acquaintance, neither were we so very anxious to cultivate hers. Chance had thrown us together for one evening, and there was no reason why we should not get what amusement we could out of that chance, without committing ourselves in any way with regard to future relations. I took her civilities as I supposed that she intended them to be taken, and perhaps that was why she and I got on swimmingly together during the dinner, which amply justified her boast of Antonio's skill.

George, on the other hand, did not get on with her at all. As a general thing, George disliked and distrusted odd people. Oddity, in his eyes, was *primâ facie* evidence of a lack of respectability; and respectability was his idol. Besides, as he told me afterward, he had an instinctive feeling that this woman was dangerous; and when I inquired, "Dangerous in what way?" he replied that he didn't know, but that he maintained his opinion. While dinner was going on he scarcely spoke at all, keeping his eyes fixed upon his plate, and devoting himself chiefly to the staying of a healthy appetite. Once I saw Lady Constance give him a long look—such a look as she had honored me with when I had first accosted her—but that appeared to satisfy any curiosity that she may have felt as to my friend; for she took no further notice of him, except once, until the time came for her to wish him good-night.

Before that time she had heard a good deal about me and my belongings. She inquired whether my uncle was a brother of General Le Marchant's, whom she said that she knew slightly; she gratified my vanity by remembering perfectly well that I had been Captain of the Boats at Eton; she found out that we proposed to spend the winter among the cities of Southern Italy, and expressed a gracious hope that we might meet at Naples, whither she herself was bound. When I told her that I was destined ere long to enter diplomacy, she became more interested. "It is an amusing game," she said; "perhaps as amusing a game as there is. Only, to enjoy it, you should take it up as an amateur; the professional people are tied hand and foot with red tape, and generally get sick of their trade before they have learned it. I know something of diplomacy from their point of view; for my brother is Minister at one of the German courts, and my husband was in the service at one time."

"And he has given it up?—your husband, I mean," I inquired.

"He has given everything up: he is dead," she answered, quietly.

I felt myself becoming hot all over. "I—I beg your pardon," I murmured.

"Don't mind me," she answered; "you couldn't be expected to know that I was a widow; and mistakes of that kind are a great deal more disagreeable for the person who makes them than for the person about whom they are made. Still, if you are going to be a diplomatist, you will have to acquire the art of conversation. I'll make you a present of an excellent rule in rhyme:

'If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak, *of* whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.'

Mr. Warren would probably suggest as an amendment, 'Never speak at all,' but we can't be all Trappists."

This was the one occasion upon which she addressed herself to George, who replied that he thought it a very good plan not to speak, unless you had something to say.

Very soon after this we took our leave, or, to speak more truthfully, received our dismissal. Whether Lady Constance Milner was a great lady who was accustomed to be surrounded by obedient vassals, or whether it was only that she considered us to be very little people, I had, of course, no means of telling, but she certainly treated us very much as a good-natured, easy-going sovereign might be expected to treat her subjects, and, when she had had enough of us, sent us away without any ceremony.

"Good-night and good-by," she said; "for I shall probably have started before you are up to-morrow morning. If you should find yourselves at Naples or Palermo in the early part of the winter, we may, perhaps, meet again, and I hope you will call upon me."

With these last words she turned away, and resumed the chair by the window where she had been sitting when we made our entrance, and Antonio, a grave black-bearded functionary, held the door open and bowed us out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CROSS UPON THE SPIRE.

The ship came slowly sailing in
Beneath a gloomy, threat'ning sky,
And round her, by the tempest lashed,
The waters of the bay rose high.
Long had she been upon the sea,
And many battles had she fought
With fearful storms and mighty winds
That her destruction cruelly sought;
And, bravely keeping on her way,
Had safely through all perils passed,
And yet nor moon nor stars shone out
When she drew near to port at last.

"It may be *I* have brought ill luck,"
Said one who by the captain stood,
"As Jonah did. They used to say
That ne'er with me came aught of good,
And it was but the truth they spoke.
I was a wild and reckless boy:
In me my father had no pride,
In me my mother found no joy;
I grieved the hearts I should have cheered,
And spurned the help of friendly hands;
And then, disgraced, I fled to roam
For ten long years in foreign lands.

"And not one word to kith nor kin
I sent. I knew them glad to be
Free from the shame and wretchedness
That in those days were part of me.
Ay! shame so heavy that at last
Its weight a mother could not bear:
And he is lost indeed—almost—
Of whom a mother can despair.
Almost—not quite, thanks be to God!
For I have, friendless and alone,
With His help, striven manfully
For youthful folly to atone.

"And now I ask my doubting heart
(I know they live) will they again,
They who once loved me, smile on me,
Or do I welcome seek in vain?
All omens have forbidden hope,
Strong powers have delayed our bark,
And as we near the land to-night
Around us everything is dark."
"Not everything," the captain said,
With pointing finger. "Friend, look there!"
And lo! a wondrous cross that seemed
By spirit hands held in the air.

Above the sleeping city, like
Stars blended in a beacon-light,
It brightly shone, and welcome gave
To all who came from sea by night.
And many, hurrying on deck,
Cried, "Ever blessed be those who made
Their church uphold the sacred sign!"
And many wept, and many prayed,
And he, the wanderer, feared no more
The shadow of his early sin,
As toward the cross upon the spire
The ship went slowly sailing in.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

On page 537 our readers will find a picture, engraved from a drawing by **Thomas Moran**, of the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone—the finest view in the National Park. The sketch was made for Harper's Weekly at a spot about two miles below the Great Fall, which plunges in an unbroken volume over a precipice about 450 feet in height.

This wonderful region, where President Arthur and his party have sought recreation and sport, is yearly attracting the attention of an increasing number of American and foreign tourists. "Its natural forms," says a writer in a recent issue of the London *Times*, "surpass the wildest efforts of the imagination in their grotesqueness, and the coloring of its rocks and cliffs, of its waters, streams, and pools, is represented by observers as baffling all description and almost defying credibility."

The same writer, referring to some unique features of the Park, says: "The whole district is a very Tophet of strange volcanic agencies. It is without exception the most remarkable region of geysers and hot springs in the world, its only possible rival being that of Waikato, in New Zealand. Besides the cold pure water springs, which are abundant throughout the district, Mr. Norris enumerates the following distinct varieties: cold medicinal springs, warm mineral (often poisonous) springs, warm medicinal springs, foaming or laundry springs, terrace-building springs, and pulsating or spouting geysers. The latter are literally innumerable, and are found in every variety and in every stage of development and decay, incipient and distinct, active and quiescent, mud-geysers and 'paint-pots'—where the mineral deposits dye the contents of their natural receptacle with every conceivable variety of color—and geysers of the ordinary intermittent type, which constantly send forth a column of water and steam to the height of 250 and sometimes 300 feet. Even these are not so remarkable, perhaps, as the terrace-building streams, which are formed by the issue of water, heated by volcanic action, through tortuous passages in cretaceous limestone. The water becomes charged with dissolving portions of the rock, and on reaching the surface it is discharged in pulsating throbs, each of which deposits a thin corrugated lamina of the calcareous substance held in solution. This slow but ceaseless process has resulted in building up beautiful scallop-bordered bathing-pools along many thousands of feet of terraced slopes which occupy the mountain-side. Traces of iron held in solution tint these formations with their own peculiar coloring in vertical banding, and the whole effect is described as beyond conception beautiful. The Mammoth Hot Springs, on the banks of the Gardiner River, are the most remarkable active springs of this kind to be found in the Yellowstone Park, but there are many others on a smaller scale, and even the Mammoth Springs themselves are insignificant compared with those, now extinct, which in some far distant time have covered the Terrace Mountain and enormous ranges of cliff along the Yellowstone with the crumbling remains of similar pools on the most gigantic scale."

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

The Southern Industrial Exposition, which was recently opened with great *éclat* by President Arthur, has not disappointed the hopes of its promoters. It is the largest and most important enterprise of the kind ever undertaken in a Southern State, and has received a hearty support from every section of the country. The attendance is steadily increasing, and its influence on the commercial and industrial interests of the South can not fail to be most salutary.

MISS DIANA IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

This week's front-page picture is not a fancy sketch of what might happen, but an illustration of what actually did happen last summer in the Adirondacks. The young lady who made the successful shot, and thus killed her first deer, is well known in New York society, and, were her name to be mentioned, many readers of the Weekly would say, "Why, I know her well; but I never heard that she was a good rifle-shot."

The killing of this particular deer was not the result of an accident, nor was the shot made at such short range as to render a miss impossible. Assiduous practice had trained both eye and hand, until to make a bull's-eye at a hundred paces was no uncommon feat for Miss Diana. She had gone on several hunts, and familiarized herself with their details, so that when her turn came, and from the lonely "stand" that she had occupied for several hours one cool September morning she saw the coveted game swimming within rifle-shot, she did not become so excited as to throw away her opportunity by a premature shot, as many a sportsman would have done in her place. She waited until the deer had reached shore, and half emerged from the water, then with the coolness and steadiness of a veteran she fired at the broadside so fairly presented, and before she could note the effect of her shot through its smoke a cheer from the hunters who had been following the deer across the lake announced its success.

Miss Diana might have killed a deer long before this if she had consented to assume the position often taken by the cowardly deer butchers from the city who frequent the Adirondacks, and allowed herself to be rowed in a boat up to the exhausted animal while far out in the lake, and surrounded by other boats beyond the possibility of escape. With the true instinct of a man she scorned such a method, and preferred to take the chances of a long shot at a moment when one more bound would have lost the deer to sight amid dense underbrush.

Queer stories are told in the woods of the Northern wilderness of the devices employed by certain city visitors to obtain a shot at a deer, and thus furnish a sort of foundation for a series of boastful lies that shall last them a lifetime. One that is well vouched for is of a dandy sportsman, whose only recommendation to human consideration was his money, who offered his guides a hundred dollars to place him so that he could kill a deer. As a result, they drove one into the lake, surrounded it with boats, and as one of the guides reached over and held it by the tail, the noble-minded hunter, with the instinct of a butcher, placed the muzzle of his gun to the head of the struggling animal and blew out its brains.

As a rule, the less city sportsmen have to say of their hunting exploits in the Adirondacks, the more they will be respected by their friends who are acquainted with the true history of the adventures in question.

In contrast to this unsavory incident a good story is told of the unexpected success of another shot made by a woman. Some years ago a party of ladies and gentlemen were camping in the Adirondacks, and one day several of the gentlemen engaged in pistol practice. One of them offered his pistol, a Derringer of large calibre, to one of the ladies, and asked her to try a shot. Although she had never fired a pistol, she expressed a willingness to do so, provided he would fix a target for her to aim at. Taking the first object at hand, which happened to be his own hat, the gentleman pinned it to a tree a few yards distant, and stepped aside. The lady pointed the pistol, shut her eyes, pulled the trigger, and made a bull's-eye, the big bullet tearing out the entire crown of the hat, which was his only one, and could not be replaced until the return to civilization. To this day her claims to marksmanship are based upon that one shot, for she has never fired another.

A short time since a Michigan school-teacher was trained by a friend in the ways of woodcraft until she too succeeded in killing a deer with a fair shot. Sinking back in the canoe from which she had fired, with a sigh of relief and happiness, she exclaimed: "There! I've killed a deer. Now if I can only shoot a bear I shall be ready to die and go to heaven."

As Miss Diana has again visited the Adirondacks this summer, and is now encamped with a party of friends in one of the wildest sections of that wild region, the chances are that she will return to the city in the autumn bearing other antlered trophies to add to those already won.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Queer Misinformation.—A strange Case.—Selling a Wife.—Idiotic Anger.—A solitary Survivor.—A Case of Bathos.—Irish Anecdotes.

A friend who came over in the Channel packet the other day overheard the following conversation between a French lady passenger and the stewardess:

"What is that high cliff called?"

"Shakspeare's Cliff, ma'am."

"And why Shakspeare's?"

"Oh"—after a moment's reflection—"because a brig of that name was wrecked. See, there is a hole in it which her bows made before she went down."

My friend thought it only right to undeceive the French lady as to the origin of the name of Shakspeare's Cliff; but he might just as well have spared his pains: the lady preferred to believe the local authority. The moral of the story, however, remains behind. My friend, who is a trustworthy person, though he dines out a good deal, tells me that at whosesoever table he narrates this anecdote only about one person in six sees anything ludicrous in it! As to the ladies, he finds only one in six have ever heard of Shakspeare's Cliff, one in ten who knows where it is, and only one in twenty who knows why it is so called. I have myself put the question to a young lady who has recently *taken honors* at the university, and she had never heard of Shakspeare's Cliff. I wrote to you some time ago of the Harrow monitor who had "distinguished himself" at that establishment, and had never heard of Cherbourg; but that strikes me as a much less curious case. The Shakspeare Cliff matter shows an amount of ignorance in the so-called educated classes which is simply amazing; for if they know nothing about the literature and geography of their own land, what are they likely to know? And yet there is an idiotic demand from some people that ladies should be taught Greek. The fact is, the education which is really worth anything is what people teach themselves by hearing, reading, and thinking; beyond "the three R's," little to the majority of mankind can be *taught* with any benefit at all.

A very strange "case" has been admitted into Huddersfield Infirmary. A boy bitten by a cat, and hearing the possible consequences of it much discussed by foolish persons has developed certain symptoms of hydrophobia, but other symptoms always observed in that disease he has not developed. He "looks about in a furtive manner, and scratches the floor," but exhibits no loathing at the sight of water. It is supposed by the doctors that he is not poisoned, but frightened. Prisoners put in beds *supposed by them* to have been occupied by cholera patients have died of cholera; sensitive persons, sitting with their backs to a huge window frame, and thinking that the window was open, have caught cold. But can mere apprehension produce hydrophobia?

Some people are always rubbing their hands with mischievous glee at the ease with which Mr. Gladstone is "drawn," as the slang phrase goes, *i. e.*, is persuaded to answer any accusation or remonstrance made to him. He is certainly not a badger in this respect. But there are other eminent personages who share his weakness. Because somebody asserted that the debate upon the Deceased Wife's Sister bill in the Lords was cut short because it was time for the Prince of Wales to go to his dinner, the Bishop of Winchester has actually written to say that their lordships did not rise so early "from that unworthy motive." If he had left matters there, the thing would have been ludicrous enough; but he goes on to say that the debate was shortened for the sake of peers with weak stomachs, who could not postpone their usual dinner-time. Surely even the Peers might have sacrificed something for the sake of defending all that (according to the Bishop) is "time-honored and valuable." Or, since they have no Jew among them now, why could they not have eaten a ham sandwich to stay their stomachs?

English husbands do not dispose of their wives by auction or private contract so often as Frenchmen imagine, but they do do it occasionally. An instance of it has just taken place at Wakefield, remarkable for the very reasonable terms on which the lady went. She was offered for sixpence, and eventually parted with at the wholesale or trade price of fourpence-halfpenny, her four children remaining with her husband. This is the "lowest transaction" as yet recorded in wives—or in husbands.

Public attention has been very properly drawn to the idiotic conduct of certain young Irishmen in Liverpool, who, on visiting a representation of the Phœnix Park tragedy in wax, could not restrain themselves from knocking Mr. Carey's head off. Nothing of course could be more mischievously impotent; but it is comforting to reflect that what now only excites contemptuous ridicule was in the good old times a thing to be applauded. Folks were hung in effigy by authority; nay, even the bodies of eminent men of one political party were taken out of their graves and suspended in chains by the other. It is the spread of education and intelligence which has saved us from such spectacles, and taught men to abstain from these vicarious brutalities.

The only survivor of the Waterloo Banquet is the Earl of Albemarle, a nobleman of eighty-five. It is hardly possible to conceive the sad sense of survivorship being more strikingly brought home to one than in this case. Who of us does not remember the picture of that historical entertainment which used to take place year after year with lessening guests at Apsley House? Even to us to think all are now gone but one is a melancholy reflection: what, then, must it be to the sole survivor?

An Alderman and passed Lord Mayor has been run over by a donkey-cart and barrow. This is perhaps the most extreme instance of bathos that has ever been recorded. The famous epitaph—

"He met his fate, and it was thus,
He was run over by a 'bus,"

was once "capped" by a friend of mine as follows:

"She met her fate, and it was worse—
She was walked over by a hearse."

It is generally very dangerous to preface a good story by saying, "I am going to tell you one of the very best things you ever heard in your life," but in this case I am not afraid to venture even that. An English traveller in Ireland, greedy for information, and always fingering the note-book in his breast pocket, got into the same railway carriage with a certain Roman Catholic archbishop. Ignorant of his rank, and only perceiving that he was a divine, he questioned him pretty closely about the state of the country, whiskey-drinking, etc., etc. At last he said, "You are a parish priest yourself, of course?"

His Grace drew himself up. "I *was* one, sir," he answered, with icy gravity.

"Dear! dear!" was the sympathizing rejoinder; "that accursed drink, I suppose!"

It is a great consolation to find that Ireland, despite its woes and wickedness, still supplies us with good stories. A clergyman of that nation was (just before the disestablishment of the Irish Church) created a bishop. The parish priest, who was a great friend of his, met him returning from grouse-shooting, immediately after his elevation, and with delicate irony congratulated him upon "the step he had gained in his profession." Then, unable to resist the temptation of giving him a keener thrust, he added, "But I can't say I remember that the apostles went out grouse-shooting."

"I don't know about that; there is no record," was the good-natured reply; "but at all events they were fishermen."

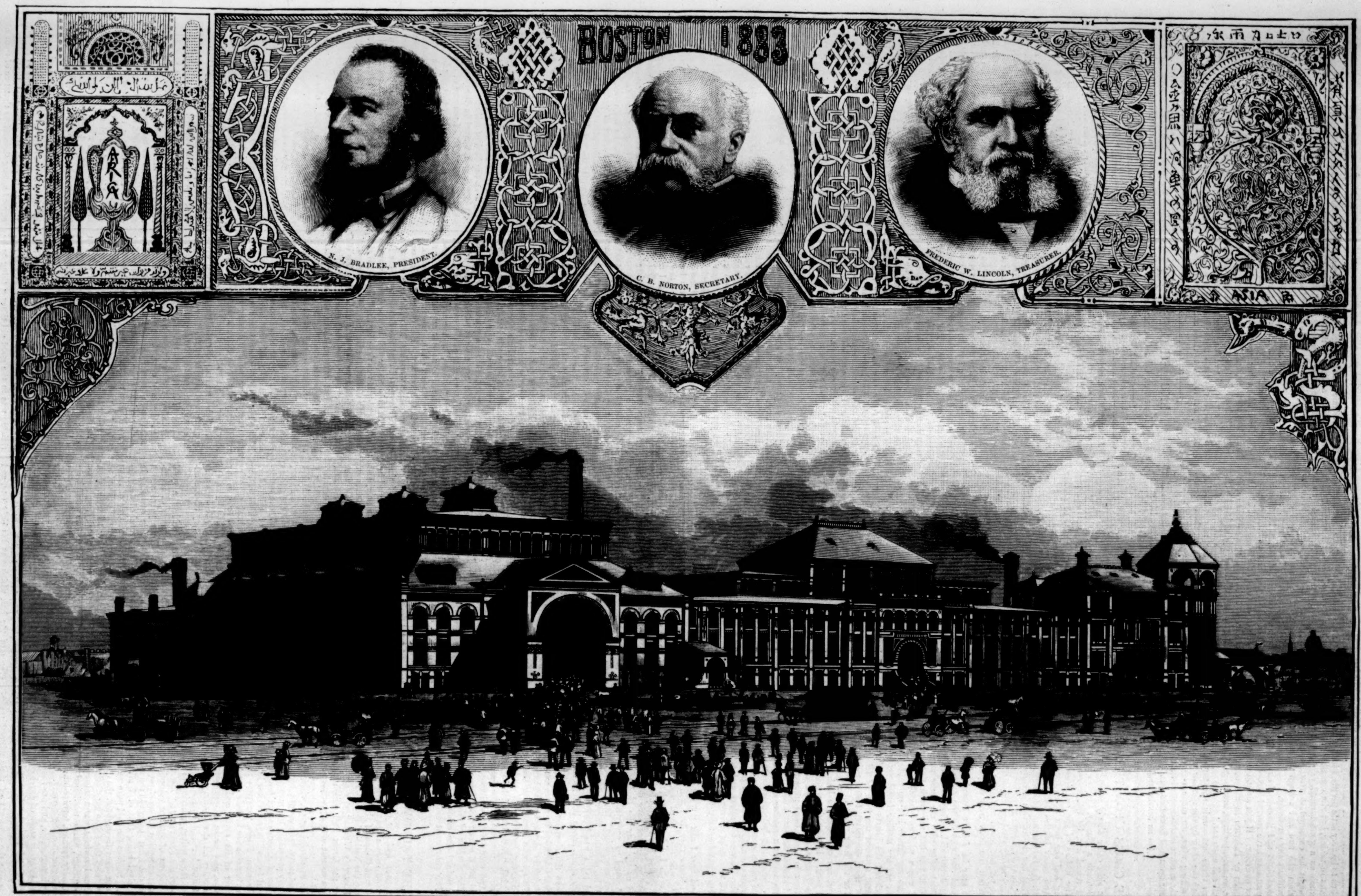
R. Kemble, of London.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

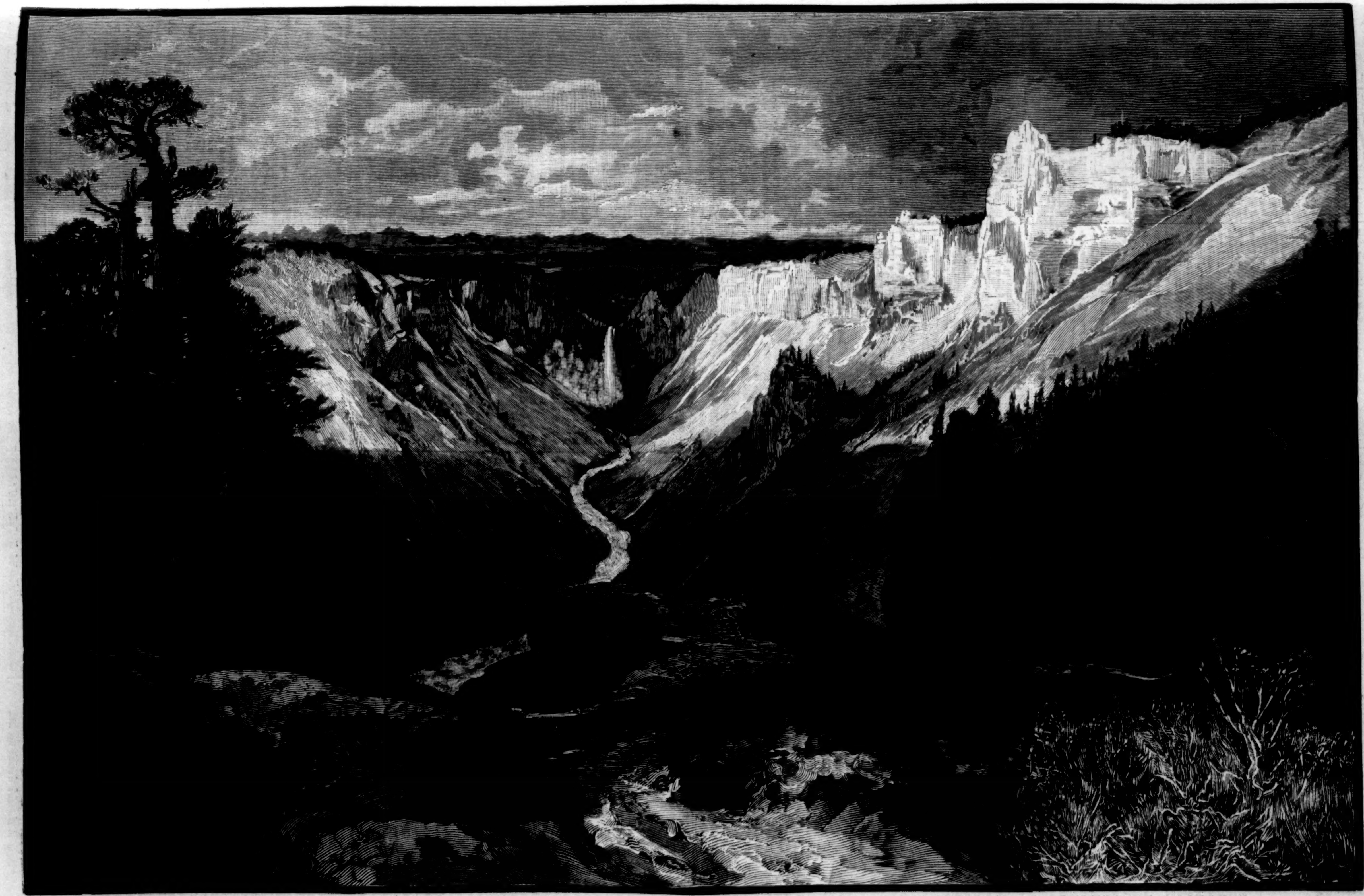
A lady has a pug-dog, also a cat, of which the dog was always very jealous, chasing it about whenever it saw it. Not many weeks since the pug astonished its mistress by coming up to her, sitting up and begging, then barking, and running a little distance from her, till it appeared evident that it wished to persuade her to come with it. It continued to beg and to run on in the same manner till it led her out into the garden, to the foot of an apple-tree, against which the dog raised itself on its hind-legs and barked vehemently. On looking up, the lady saw the cat with a trap on its foot, evidently in great pain. She got it down and relieved it of the trap, the dog showing the greatest joy; and on the cat being placed on the ground, the dog, which before had never done anything but hunt and worry it, licked it all over and over, and ever since they have been the best of friends.

A dog had a kennel in the yard of a house which was overlooked from one of the windows. A lady (my informant) saw this dog hiding some of its dinner in a corner behind the kennel, and this performance, she noticed, was repeated for a day or two. On the third day the dog was missing some little time from the yard, but before long it was seen to return, followed by a small, half-starved canine friend, which it took up to the store of hidden food, and stood by, wagging its tail with evident pleasure, while the strange dog consumed it.

The following is of a different nature. In Ceylon the large Lambur deer is hunted by dogs, the huntsmen going on foot. The deer generally comes to bay in a stream among the hills, and the huntsmen, guided by the sound of the dogs, make their way to the spot as quickly as they can with knife or spear to end the combat. Sometimes, however, as the distance or the form of the hills prevents the sound of the dogs at bay from being heard, the huntsmen do not arrive, and the deer, if strong, may escape, or is, perhaps, killed by the dogs. On one of these occasions the owner of a pack of hounds (who related this to me) lost all sound of the hounds, and came back home to breakfast. After this he sallied forth again, thinking he would go to a distant part of the jungle, where he imagined the pack might have taken the deer. Before he had gone a mile or two he met two of his pack by themselves coming straight for home. They no sooner saw their master than they expressed the greatest delight, and at once turned round, went before him, and led him straight through several miles of jungle, to where he found all the rest of the pack, with a large buck Lambur at bay. They were quietly waiting round it, preventing its escape, and on seeing their master the jungle at once resounded with their voices, as they went in with renewed energy at their quarry, till the knife of their master put an end to the battle. Now it is perfectly clear that these dogs had agreed among themselves that two of their number should go home and fetch their master while the rest kept the deer at bay.


BOSTON 1883
E. J. BRADLEE, PRESIDENT.
C. B. NORTON, SECRETARY.
FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, TREASURER.
ASIA

THE FOREIGN EXHIBITION AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 539.]



THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER, IN THE NATIONAL PARK.—Drawn by Thomas Moran.—[See Page 535.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery,"
"Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob,"
"The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

At the eleventh hour Markham had yielded to Stephana's request that he should accompany her little colony to their new world. It seemed to him a small concession to make after so many, and as much of his heart as was not with Stephana's self was in her work. He went off cheerfully, therefore, feeling, perhaps, a secret sense of relief at the notion of being out of England for the next few months.

Nothing definite had been said on the subject in his hearing, but he could not doubt that on his return he should find Stephana wedded to Valerian. The thought was unendurable. The vessel had sailed, then, and Markham with it. So at least Stephana believed. She had seen him, indeed, embark in the docks; she had received a pencilled farewell from the Nore; she imagined him now in mid-ocean, surrounded by the dear people he so loved to entertain, telling stories interminable, as a minstrel of old.

What was her amazement, a few days after the hoisting of the blue-peter, to hear Markham's voice in the corridor!

It was late in the evening, and she sat alone in her favorite room, an upper chamber, from which she could not only hear the turmoil of the great world of London, but could see as if from a mountain-top the ceaseless ebb and flow of the busy crowds below. Generous spirits should ever live on airy heights, and thus take in larger vistas of the human bee-hive seen at work, and of which they form a section.

Stephana, catching on a sudden the voice of her blind friend, rose joyfully and went out to greet him. Never in all her life had she felt in such need of him as now. She almost forgot the inexplicable nature of his appearance in her pleasure.

"You have come back?—you have come back to me?" she cried, as she led him into the room.

"Could I stay away?" he asked. "You remember my promise made nearly two years ago? You have but summoned me, and I obey the summons."

"I did not write. There was no means of communicating with you," she answered, amazed. Then, on a sudden recollecting what had transpired on another parting in this very house and in this very room just seventeen months ago, she cried, joyfully, "I remember—I understand. Yes," she answered, taking one of his hands, and letting him feel the tears he could not see, "I have wanted you, my friend. I am very desolate."

"There was more than a vague feeling of loneliness. There was an invocation, a summons. But let me tell you everything, and you shall then say whether or no I have been dreaming," he said, stirred with deep, unutterable contentment. "Listen, then, to my story. We were at anchor off Plymouth two nights ago, about this very time, and in another hour or two the pilot-boat was to return to shore with letters, and we were to be fairly under sail. I sat alone, my head bowed on my breast, lost in thought, while the rest amused themselves with watching the lights and general bustle of the town. As I sat thus the confusion of voices around me seemed to die away on my ears, and in the silence and stillness—imaginary, of course, for the hubbub of voices and commotion was indescribable, only in my reverie I heard it not—all was hushed about me, then, for a little space, and on a sudden—it was as if the voice were close by—I was called by name, and the voice I heard was yours."

He raised his head, with a look of intense, passionate joy, as if light *must* break upon the darkness for an instant, and for once—for once only—the face of his beloved would be revealed to him.

"Oh!" he cried, "I seemed to see you then as I seem to see you now. There were tears on your cheek, as there are at this moment, and your voice was one not of farewell, but of greeting—of earnest entreaty and appeal. Once, twice, thrice I heard the words, 'Markham, Markham, will you, too, abandon me?' they said. Yes, you can not deny it. They were thine. The moment so vehemently desired, so sweet to think on, that I said it should more than console me for my misfortune, had come. In spirit thou hadst claimed me."

Stephana was silent; a nobler emotion than pride checked her utterance. All that sympathy and compassion had said so long on Markham's behalf a deeper feeling was saying now; yet she hesitated. Other promptings made themselves heard also.

Even in her forlornness and disenchantment she did not feel wholly to belong to herself, much less to Markham. Valerian's lapse seemed a warning that all wedded to the general weal should stand alone. The work she had set herself to do needed less love than a steady purpose to aid her own uncompromising self-abnegation, to keep her company. "Oh!" she said, imploringly, leaning her own soul on his, trying to make him understand these inner conflicts, "what does the rest matter? You and I surely should not think of ourselves."

"At least, then, tell me that I was not dreaming. Two nights ago, at this very hour, you did indeed in spirit call upon my friendship, my love?"

Ah me, for Markham that he could not see that fine blush mantling her pale cheeks! The sigh he did hear, and the just perceptible tremor in her voice told him more.

"Your summons must mean all or nothing," he went on. "You have discovered Valerian's inadequacy. All is over between you and your cousin?"

Stephana was silent.

"I felt all along that it must be so," Markham added. "Heaven forbid that I should judge another! In one point only I hold myself worthier of you than poor Valerian. My soul lies open to your own as a book. Read it by the light of a midsummer-day. No words there my own love must not see."

"You are my best, dearest friend," Stephana murmured. "Is not that enough? When the best thoughts of two beings are in perfect unison there is a marriage of souls."

"But a marriage of souls is no bond," Markham answered, almost bitterly. "Your home may not be mine. Any accident may divide us to-morrow. I measure the height and depth and length and breadth of the sacrifice I ask at your hands," went on the blind lover. "You shall not make it in vain. You will give heavenly consolation to a darkened life. Your best requital will be the joy of another."

"If I yield I should belong to you, to the calls of duty no longer," Stephana urged.

"May not love sometimes be highest duty? And think not you can live alone. That cry of desolation I heard two days ago still rings in my ears. Stephana, beloved, you need me even as I need you."

He stretched out his hands to find her own in the night perpetually about him, and Stephana let him clasp them. He had come to her in a time of such desolation that she could not choose but cling to him. And for the first time, perhaps, she realized to the full what the loneliness of his own life must be—compelled even to trust himself to others in the least little thing, to be led hither and thither as a child, the beauty of the human face, the miracles of art, the joyous, shifting revelry of the visible world, hid from his gaze forever and forever and forever. Was she not bound to become as the light of the eyes to the much-tried, heavenly, patient soul?—whilst striving to do good to many lives, to be a guardian angel to this one? Lastly, Stephana could but feel that Markham was the only being in the world who had ever really understood her. The subtle spiritual gifts she felt conscious of were matched here. All the influence she could exercise over her fellows Markham could wield too, but by different means. That voice of his had power to fascinate and to soothe, even as her own eyes were said to do; and by some strange faculty, akin to those with which she was endowed, he could read her thoughts and anticipate her most secret wishes. Oh! was there not something better, higher, deeper even than love here—some voice of destiny, which is the voice of God?

And in that moment of uncertain, joyous hesitancy Stephana's thoughts went farther still, for let it not be supposed that the act of turning a thousand poor London artisans into landed proprietors seemed to her more than a stepping-stone to better things. This was a mere piece of beneficence, the gratification of a magnanimous whim. Her notion of doing good had a deeper root, and was based upon keener insight into the truth of things, than hand-to-mouth philanthropy. And to attain her purpose could she have a better helper than Markham, the man of stainless soul, of more than womanly tenderness, of a courage that dreaded no ridicule, no rebuff? Yes; they were surely brought together for good. Valerian! Valerian! Was it of such poor stuff the world's reformers are made? And Stephana saw all things clearly now—the mysterious call to England, its reference to Valerian, the meaning of the heraldic emblazonry, the blank scroll. Her mission had been to restitute Valerian in his right; to unburden Christina's bosom of secret wrong; to reconcile mother and son; and last, yet first, to awaken in Valerian—the heir of the Gossip-Hermitage family—a conscience for the adequate disposal of his fortune. All this was done. Was she not free now to think of herself? Was not her deep, unconfessed love for Markham a call that should be followed also?

"You have said it," she said. "I do need you—not only now, but always."

It was surely no unmanliness that brought the happy tears to Markham's withered eyes then. His hitherto irremediable ill seemed healed. He needed the light no longer. Enough of brightness, sweetness, and beauty was now to be his portion. For a moment he took her, lover-like, in his arms and pressed his lips to her forehead. "Kind God in heaven!" he whispered, "what have I done to be made so happy?"

"Nay," Stephana retorted, as she sat down by his side; "say, rather, what shall I do in return for being made so happy?—if, indeed, the service to which you are binding yourself can be called happiness at all."

Markham smiled on the sweet task-mistress he could not see, and would fain have prolonged this lover-like confabulation—would have tried to win yet another promise ere he went.

But in love, as in friendship, Stephana swayed him to her will. Love is made up half of mystery, half of expectation, and she knew well enough that as lovers they should never be happier in each other than now. Seven years, and seven years more, he must serve his apprenticeship to love, if to her it should seem good.

CHAPTER XLVI.

If Stephana had vanquished herself, another victory yet remained to be won harder still. That first disillusion of her life had made her afraid of love, and at the root of her wavering toward Markham from the first was this feeling of distrust. His love for her was of long ago; but although strangely attracted to him, not only by the tenderness of his nature—have not all rare men the tenderness of a woman?—but by his misfortune, she had ever repelled it, fearing lest her own, if once awakened, might suffer disillusion. A woman can understand but one man in the world—her lover; and Stephana feared that even Markham's character might not bear that fearful scrutiny, that terrible ordeal, the life of two that becomes the life of one. Now she doubted no longer. Markham's existence was to be consoled by the sweetness of home, domesticity, nearness; and in return he was to be her helper, adviser, fellow-worker. At least, if she gave much, she should receive more in return. But that other reconciliation on which her mind was bent—how should she make peace between Arthura and Valerian? The palinode was to be spoken, the kiss of peace accorded. But by what means was a real reconciliation to be brought about? A few days afterward Valerian came to see her. He had nerved himself up to this interview, which was to be the prelude of one with Arthura. He *must* see her, must pour out his soul to her, and only Stephana could help him.

"Let us be friends, my cousin," were Stephana's first calm, re-assuring words. "And let us both forget and forgive. There can not be another syllable to say."

She held out her hand, but Valerian did not raise it to his lips. He sat down opposite to her, haggard, ill at ease, remorseful. "Perhaps you are right," he replied. "Little use to talk of what is done, and can never be undone. Thank God, we are cousins," he added, with a grim smile. "You are bound to exercise Christian charity toward me, if for no other reason, because I am of your own blood."

Stephana smiled. How Valerian's nature showed itself in every deed and word!

"To my thinking, that were a reason for hard judgment—at any rate, implacable justice," she made reply. "But what conceivable right has any human being to judge another, unless when brought face to face as criminal and judge?"

"You will not turn your back upon me, then?" Valerian asked, humbly. "You will not wholly give me up?"

"Are you not my kinsman?" said Stephana, again smiling. "Relatives are bound to each other for weal or woe." Her cheerfulness somewhat took Valerian aback.

"Have I not received you to-day friendlily as of old?"

Valerian was dumb.

"We have turned a new page. Let neither of us ever so much as once glance backward," Stephana said. "What you have to do now is to make peace with Arthura and regain her confidence."

"Will you help me?" Valerian asked, fully understanding his position with regard to Stephana. They were cousins. They would never be anything more.

"Because, if you will," he said, eagerly, "I shall take it as a sign that you forgive me and trust me still."

Stephana perused him narrowly.

"Of course I will," she said at last, "and of course you will prove worthy of trust—where Arthura is concerned," she added, quickly; "for, dear Valerian, let us now by common consent bury this ignoble little past and think of what is coming. This very day I will go and see Arthura."

Then they talked of many things—of Christina, of her plans, of her gratification at having seen Arthura again. Stephana had to tell Valerian to go, so relieved was he to be able at last to talk to her with perfect openness. And when he did go, it was with a much lighter heart than he had come. Stephana's lofty-minded pardon arose, doubtless, from entire indifference to himself. That was humiliating. But it smoothed the way. It made welcome possibilities seem near.

That same day Stephana drove to Russell Square, about the time she felt sure of finding Arthura. The pair had not met since the passionate confidences of the festive evening. It often happens that the complete outpouring of heart and heart is followed by a feeling of shyness. As far as Valerian was concerned, neither Arthura nor Stephana could reveal anything more; and perhaps both felt a little sorry and a little womanly shame at having already said so much. Arthura's proud secret was out. She did, indeed—did once—love this shallow, plausible, vacillating Valerian with all her heart; and Stephana, in her indignation, had shown with what hopeful affection and interest she had for a short space clung to him, and with what whole-heartedness she had believed in him.

When they met to-day, therefore, it was with a shrinking on both sides, and, at least on Arthura's, a disinclination to personal talk. Hardly were the first greetings over before Stephana declared her errand. Sitting close to Arthura, holding the girl's hands in hers, and fixing on her those beautiful dark-brown eyes, that seemed to soothe even when they inspired a feeling almost akin to awe, she said, smiling quietly, "You will never, never guess what I have come to say to you."

Arthura lifted one of Stephana's hands to her cheek and kissed it passionately. The only strong, beautiful, righteous thing in the world just then, the girl thought, was this fair, mystic creature, whose business seemed the consolation of others.

"I have come to say that you must marry Valerian," Stephana added, still in the quietest voice, while she watched her companion.

"Ask me rather to marry the coward that has run away from battle! But not Valerian. And he would not dare to do it. He would fear me."

As Arthura uttered these words, with red cheeks and unusually bright eyes, it did seem indeed as if any one who had wronged her might tremble with fear then. Just such passion and outraged feeling as hers turn trembling, faint-hearted maidens into vengeance-dealing Diræ. Her tall, slight figure was drawn up, and her young face dark with angry passion.

"If I am wicked, I will do other penance for it," she cried, weeping bitterly. "And I will follow your behest, Stephana, in all else. There is an evil spirit in me now. I almost feel as if it would be sweet to me to make Valerian suffer. Were he drowning, I should, perhaps, withhold the rope that might save his life. But I will do him no harm, if you keep him out of my sight; only I must hate him in peace for a little while."

Stephana waited till the passion should be over, without a word. Arthura went on, weeping: "I did shameful things for his sake. I lied—not with my tongue, but with my acts—out of love for him. How kind Miss Hermitage was to me, to us both! And all the time we were deceiving her. You, too, you were kinder than the angels, and he let me, he made me, act lies to you. Oh, Stephana! never talk to me of marriage at all. There may be other Valerians in the world. I can be happy as I am."

She threw herself on her knees by Stephana's side, still shaken with passion. "I will ever love you as if you were something more than an ordinary mortal," she said, laying her head on Stephana's bosom. While she lay thus Stephana leaned over her tenderly, as a mother tending a feverish child, lifting the hair from her hot brow, fanning the hot cheeks. But it was the quiet magic of her eyes that did at last, and by little and little, calm the girl's wild mood. After a time the passion spent itself, and she lay in her friend's arms, pale and listless, an image of sorrow, but of vindictiveness no longer.

"I am very wicked. You must drive the demon out of me," she said, looking up into her companion's face, as if sure of reading there, if a sentence, with it absolution.

"You will marry Valerian," Stephana repeated, as she spoke feeling the thrill of dismay that ran through Arthura's frame.

"Listen to me," Stephana said, using all the fascinations she was mistress of, compelling Arthura to look into the depths of her persuasive eyes. "Valerian would fain make reparation. Will you not let him do so?"

"We should hate each other. Life would be intolerable to both of us."

"Hear me out," Stephana interposed, gently; "and when you have heard to the end you will see that I am right, and that you are wrong. Valerian was never in the spirit, only in the letter, unfaithful to you, and for such unfaithfulness I was greatly to blame. I never for a moment dreamed that he might be in love when I acceded to a request made years before he knew you. There was weakness, duplicity, in Valerian's behavior, if you will, but not changeableness. He never loved any woman but yourself. Our marriage was to have been of friendship only. Think for a moment on the various motives that may actuate a man with which love has nothing to do. Valerian had his way to make in the world. There were many reasons why, at that juncture in his affairs, he could not openly go against my wishes. His very love for you drove him into double-dealing. He wanted to secure my good-will—which meant worldly fortune—just because he loved you and wanted to marry you."

Arthura listened, unconvinced. Stephana went on, more encouragingly still: "I have seen Valerian. He has poured out his heart to me as brother to sister. And here he must be true, since every word is proved by his deeds. It is in my heart, not yours, that resentment should exist, since he made use of my kindly feelings toward him in order to serve his own purpose. I have no rancor. He never cared for me at all except as a possible benefactress. I shall always be as ready to help him as I have been."

Then she added, with a generous glow on her pale cheeks:

"You must marry him, dear Arthura, if you have any heart and soul at all. All is now made up between him and his mother. He will some day inherit her enormous wealth. But the only value it can have in his eyes now is the prospect of sharing it with you and yours," she said, smiling insinuatingly. "Think of it, Arthura! These little step brothers and sisters you love so dearly are to be made participators of Valerian's good fortune. He will act the part of father to them."

"Did he say so?" asked Arthura, with a childish expression of contentment.

"He did indeed. And there is another consideration which I think you will understand. Would you have Valerian's wealth squandered as Miss Hermitage squanders hers? Will you not help him to use his fortune as a conscientious, high-minded man should do? You are not worldly, I know; you do not care to be rich."

"Ah!" Arthura said, the bright, audacious spirit re-asserting itself at last, "I see it all, Stephana. You are using wizardry. You will make me marry Valerian, and when we are rich you will make us do exactly with his money as you like."

"Would you mind that?" Stephana asked, playfully.

"Not if the children had new shoes when they wanted them, and there was never a baker's bill," rejoined Arthura. Under this new aspect of affairs cheerfulness seemed possible once more. Valerian, the benefactor of Benjamine and Walter and Baby, was suddenly transformed into a bearable person!

CHAPTER XLVII.

All that a penitent lover could say for himself Valerian said next day as he sat opposite the proud, listless Arthura. She had not at first a word to utter, but glanced at him, from time to time, with a timid, deprecatory look, much as if she were asking herself whether indeed he could ever become again the Valerian of old to her. It was not till Valerian began to dilate upon the children that Arthura realized the future he was building up was to be her future as well.

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She even smiled as he spoke of Walter's prospects—how the high-spirited boy should be made a naval cadet, and have the dearest wish of his young heart realized, and he should be a gallant sailor. Then he talked of Benjamine and Baby. They should have as much money spent upon their education as she desired; a dowry should be assigned to each. Nor was Steppie forgotten. Her small means should be enlarged. She should have more change, more country air, and no pinching, no bills. Then, when lover-like eloquence had done its utmost, and he also sat silent and listless, she asked, very plaintively,

"Will you be good to me?"

What a rebuke these artless words conveyed to Valerian's mind! They revealed to him all that he had lost, all that must so painfully be regained as, step by step, and little by little, he might perhaps, in some remote future, win back that generous, trusting affection.

There seemed nothing more to say; but how much he knew remained to do! To Arthura was assigned the hard task of forgiving bitter wrong; to Valerian one harder still. For forgiveness is ofttimes accorded in a day, an hour; but the reparation for wrong-doing is the up-hill toil of years.

"Take me to see Miss Hermitage," said Arthura, on a sudden; and Valerian drove her back at once, and left the pair together. He knew well what she had to say to his mother.

"My dear Arthura!" cried Miss Hermitage, for so she was called still—the secret of a lifetime was to accompany her to the grave—"I am very glad to see you, now that you have recovered your spirits;" and with some surprise though no rebuke she let the girl clasp her round the waist and kiss her again and again.

"Dear, dear Gossip! I did want to say something to you. It was very wrong of me to deceive you about Valerian—"

"Talk of something more entertaining, my dear," said Miss Hermitage, characteristically. "I hate disagreeables. When you are married to Valerian you must live next door to me, you know. I must be amused. Why are there so many dull people in the world?"

"A world full of dunces is better than a world full of demons, anyhow," said Arthura.

Miss Hermitage laughed.

"Always an unexpected answer from you; and most people say exactly what you expect. It is so wearisome! Why do they do it?" she said, querulously. "Why so dull?"

"Because people are not made to order, I suppose."

"Ah!" laughed Miss Hermitage again. "I am not overfond of my cousin Constantine. We two have quarrelled like cat and dog all our lives. But I would give ten thousand pounds this moment to make him ten years younger. He is so unexpected!"

Arthura's fingers still toyed with Miss Hermitage's elegant ruffles, faultless head-gear, and small hands, on which sparkled diamond rings.

"I wish I were like you!" cried the girl, forgetting for the moment all about Valerian, only recalled to the humorous side of the old life with him under their patroness's roof. "So neat," she went on; "so exquisite, so perfect to look at! You will let me dress you for grand occasions, as I used to do, won't you?"

"Well," Miss Hermitage said, good-naturedly, "I suppose the next fine clothes I have to buy will be for Valerian's wedding. You will do him credit, my dear, and I can not see why you two should not get on together without scratching each other's eyes out. I hope you don't expect more. But Stephana, now, she will change her mind a dozen times. An angel from heaven would not satisfy *her!* And I know well enough Stephana's machinations," Miss Hermitage added, wickedly. "When I am gone she will make Valerian play philanthropic ducks and drakes with my money. She is bent upon that. Well, it won't matter to me. The world may wag as it pleases when I am in my grave."

"Don't talk of your grave, Gossip," Arthura said, kissing the neat, ivory-complexioned cheek.

"Why, what does it concern you where I am?" Miss Hermitage said, with her little cynical laugh. "It is impossible you can care about me."

Arthura looked shocked. "I always love people who are kind to me," she said, with a flushed face and tears in her eyes.

"Had you not better go and talk to Colette?" said Miss Hermitage, growing uncomfortable. "She is dying to see you. But don't make her cry."

"Was Mademoiselle Colette in love with Valerian, then?" asked Arthura, again mischievous.

"How preposterous you are! But you know Colette always sheds tears when she hears of marriages. She is so sentimental."

True enough, when the warm-hearted little French woman had received Arthura's palinode she did burst into a fit of weeping.

"You will love each other dearly, won't you?" she murmured as she shed tears of joy—"like Ursula and John Halifax, in my favorite novel. Won't you, now? Christina says it is all twaddle-dee-dum and twaddle-dum-dee. But I am sure I am right and she is wrong. How can two people help being fond and happy when they have taken each other for richer for poorer, for better for worse?"

"I don't see that it follows," answered Arthura.

"But how beautiful it sounds!" went on Colette. "'To have and to hold, in sickness and health.' You will be like Ursula, won't you? And if Valerian is not precisely a John Halifax, you will try to make him so?"

"I won't promise till I have read the book," Arthura made reply. She was not addicted to the circulating libraries.

"Humph!" said Mr. Constantine, when the news was conveyed to him. "As usual! The unexpected about to happen, the unlooked-for brought about! Well, women must fall in love and fall out of it. Men must take to themselves wives and sit for the inevitable unflattering portrait. But really, now, my Prospera matched with Mr. Pliable, and my beautiful Mystic with any of mortal kind! 'Tis past all bearing. Why is love ever a will-o'-the-wisp, leading into quagmires? But we wise heads may prate. No one listens to us. The wise marriages are still made in heaven—the whole history of woman is summed up in the tale of Titania and the ass's head. There must be a compensation somewhere, if we could but find it out."

Steppie, of course, had her comments. "Oh dear! oh dear!" she cried, between laughing and crying. "I could dance for joy, although my heart is as heavy as lead. Stephana happy, Arthura happy! The poor children provided for. No more bills! Every one happy but poor me. And I am happy, if I could but know it. But I never shall know it—never! never!"

THE END.

THE BOSTON EXHIBITION.

The Boston Foreign Art and Industrial Exhibition is rapidly getting into shape for the official opening on the 3d of September; but, like all previous experience on similar occasions, not a little work will remain to be done before its exhibits are in complete order. Although England and France for various reasons fail to do themselves justice on this occasion, other countries more remote, and with whose art, manufactures, and products we are less familiar, are sending representative exhibits of varied interest and special importance. In consequence Boston will present on this occasion an exhibition much more novel and instructive than if those great countries had taken up all the space they might legitimately have claimed. Ireland, however, is occupying the post of honor for Great Britain in almost a distinctive national sense, and her exhibit of local manufactures, art, and antiquities is likely to surprise Americans. Among the objects sent are bog-wood ornaments, hair ornaments, saddlery, a jaunting-car, furniture, marbles, woollen and linen goods, drawings, ecclesiastical sculpture, fancy needle-work, illuminated manuscripts, national antiquities, whiskeys (of course), and an autograph letter of **Daniel O'Connell**.

Japan makes perhaps the most conspicuous exhibit of all countries, being a governmental affair. It embraces both her ancient and modern art and art industries, giving a complete view of her past and present civilization. Among other novelties she provides a regular tea and saki house, and fourteen of her gentle sex to be engaged in work of various illustrative sorts of Japanese handicraft.

Germany forwards a large mass of goods, including paintings on porcelain, china-ware, bronzes, jewelry, glass-ware, metal-work, imitation armor, wax modelling, and a number of paintings by **Grund**, **Sturzhoff**, **Moeker**, **Brendel**, **Rettiche**, to mention a few names.

France consigns some stained-glass windows, furs, and skins, engraved glass, porcelain, an exhibit of the Panama Canal Company, and a miscellaneous lot of her usual manufactures, besides a hundred and fifty paintings or more.

Holland indulges in one-year clocks, carpets, liquors, and Dutch sundries, with one painting; Portugal, choice wines, artistic china, silver, furniture, carved wood, antiquities, etc.; Spain, clay figures, artistic iron, wines, and a few paintings—names not yet received; Norway figures with a model of the famous antique Viking ship, skins, etc.; Turkey, rugs and a café; Algiers, Oriental jewelry; Egypt, a model of the great Pyramid; and our neighbor Colombia forwards a collection of aboriginal American pottery, several thousand pieces, the oldest yet discovered.

The Italian section, as a whole, is confined almost exclusively to art objects and artistic merchandise, with a few characteristic products of the country. Its modern art in sculpture and paintings is represented by some of its most eminent artists. In painting, by **Vinea**—a brilliant example—**Tito Conti**, **Edward Gelli**, **Costa Ciardi**, **Glisenti**, **Saltini**, **Tamburini**, **Sorbi**, **Torrini**, **Cipriani**, **Jovis**, **Nono**, **Bradley**, **Carelli**, **Ricci**, Professor **Gatti**, **Orfei**, **Bellei**, and other names that give honor and distinction to its new school, and whose works to our amateurs will be an unexpected revelation of its recent competitive progress as regards the French schools, which it excels in coloring. **Albano**, **Anderieni**, **Lazzarini**, **Udny**, **Trojana**, **Panta**, **Barcaglia**, and others send some excellent sculpture, mostly of the modern picturesque character, although Professor **Lazzarini**'s "Victory," dedicated to the American people, is of the classical type, and a spirited, beautiful work. The King of Italy has presented to the Italian section a fine marble bust of himself—an uncommon compliment, showing his interest in the exhibition and friendliness to our people. But the object that will perhaps most attract our people in this department is the late **Edward Thaxter**'s group, called "Love's First Dream." In material and mechanical execution it is entirely Italian, Mr. **Thaxter**, who was a native of Portland, dying immediately after making the model in clay. To my judgment, as a work of delicate, poetic fancy, harmony of motive, and workmanship, carrying out perfectly its playful idea in an original, expressive, and graceful form, it is a masterpiece of its kind, excelling in original invention and sentiment anything in this line our own school has yet produced.

Among the most noteworthy exhibits, Dr. **Salviati**'s Venetian glass, both new forms and reproductions of the ancient, and mosaics, including the portrait of President **Garfield**, which he presents to the American nation, stand pre-eminent for beauty and variety. Signor **Guggenheim**, of Venice, the eminent antiquarian, sends examples of his artistic furniture, and an album of original designs provided by him from 1874 to 1882 for the interior decoration and furniture of the palace of Count **Papadopoli** on the Grand Canal at Venice, each room being after a separate art epoch, from the sixteenth-century classical Italian Renaissance down to the **Louis** XIV., XV., and XVI. French periods—a work of much interest to architects.

Besides bronzes, majolica, and the usual specialties of Italian industrial art, there is a series of masterly reproductions of the masterpieces of Maestro **Giorgio** and his son, of Gubbio, from the chief museums of Europe, with the gold and ruby lustres and designs so faithfully reproduced that only experienced eyes can distinguish them from the originals, which now cost from $1000 to $5000 a plate.

The Retrospective Art Department is varied and valuable. In paintings, commencing with good representative types of the Byzantine period, say about A.D. 1200, it presents a fair series of genuine old masters, from **Giotto** down to the best period of Italian art.

In sculpture there are: an unusually fine specimen of **Luca della Robbia**, "Virgin and Child," in a tabernacle from a suppressed convent near Sinigaglia, and, what is still rarer, a casket in glazed terra cotta of archaic, semi-Saracenic designs, antedating **Luca**'s work, showing that he did not invent, as supposed, his famous glaze, but only improved on an older invention derived from the Arabs.

A bronze reproduction of the famous Borghese "Gladiator" in the Louvre, one of the finest Greek statues extant, will interest all lovers of classical art. But the most remarkable archæological treasures are the two famous sarcophagi found in the winter of 1842–3 on the estate of the Prince of Canino, **Lucien Bonaparte**, in the Roman Maremma, by his widow, on the borders of the stream Fiora, site of the ancient Vulcia. Both are about seven and a half feet long by four wide and high. One is of the rare and precious Oriental alabaster, with figures in the best style of Greek-Etruscan sculpture, and the other of tufa stone, more archaic and purely Etruscan, with inscriptions, of which I have just received a translation from Professor **Milani**, Director of the Archæological Museum at Florence.

There are some rare pieces of silver of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the **Cellini** style of design; a silver statuette of Ceres, antique Roman; an iron inkstand inlaid with gold; the drinking cup of **Matteus Corvincio**, King of Hungary, set with gems, repoussé and chiselled work of the fifteenth century, with his great battles, dates, and inscriptions on it; beautiful old Vienna porcelain from S. **Donato**, Sèvres and Saxon ancient porcelains, old Murano glass, antique trunks, fifteenth to seventeenth century, bass-reliefs in *pasticcio* of the Umbrian school, fifteenth century; Portuguese, Flemish, French, and Italian tapestries, some wrought in gold; fine needle-work pictures in silk and gold by nuns of the seventeenth century; and what should particularly attract ladies and interest manufacturers, a collection of antique laces made by the Signora **Arrigoni**, of Milan, during twenty-four years past, of the Flemish, French, English, Spanish, and Italian schools, 150 pieces; also about 500 specimens of stuffs, satin, silks, velvets, brocades, brocatelles, etc., from the year A.D. 1250 to the end of last century, with embroideries of all kinds, church vestments, Madonna robes, table covers, costumes, head-dresses—in short, a great variety of textile fabrics, some of exceeding richness and beauty, and just what is needed for our industrial museums for the advantage and instruction of our own manufacturers.

James Jackson Jarves.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Nearly all the unexploded bomb-shells that were casually left on Southern battle-fields twenty years ago have been investigated by inquisitive persons. But there are a few muskets that have remained loaded since the strife ended, and these are being discharged gradually by the generation that has come into existence since 1865, and therefore doesn't know that they are loaded. The latest fatality of this kind happened in an Alabama village a few days ago.

As the science of legislation progresses the advantages of having two parties in every legislative body become more apparent. The Democrats of the Georgia Legislature have been seriously embarrassed because of a lack of Republicans for "pairing" purposes on circus days and other festive occasions.

In an Iowa county a man and his wife are both candidates for the office of School Superintendent, the man as the Republican and the woman as the Democratic nominee. It being settled that the honor of the position will be enjoyed in any event by the family, the anxiety of the opposing candidates centres on the problem relating to the care of the baby during the ensuing term of office.

Two sections of a railway circus train came in collision on a road in the interior of the State a few days ago. In a car of one of the trains was the large and experienced elephant Bolivar. He was not injured by the crash, but as soon as his car had come to a stop he broke it open, and gathering up with his trunk a small English coach-dog, which is his inseparable companion, he moved off to a safe distance.

Bicycling young men have taken to riding down Mount Washington on their wheels. By-and-by some ambitious youth will make a record that will stand, but he may not remain among mortals to enjoy his triumph.

There was held in Pittsburgh recently a meeting of proprietors of museums in the larger cities of this country, the object of which was to establish a uniform scale of salaries paid to "living curiosities," to the end that the ruinous competition which has prevailed hitherto may come to an end. Unless the curiosities combine and prove the stronger, the people may be relieved of the burdens imposed by those grasping monopolists, the albinos, the living skeletons, the giants, midgets, and so forth.

It is explained by competent authorities in Wall Street that the reason why a panic like that of the memorable Black Friday did not follow the recent break in the stock market was because few outsiders were interested in the results. This was as it should be. As a preventive of the recurrence of Black Fridays the absence of novices in stock gambling proved so effective that no other need ever be sought for.

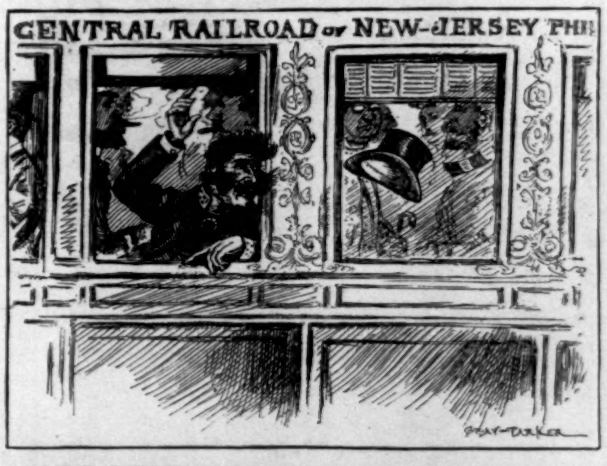
"There was a long debate," says the cable, "characterized by much obstruction on the part of the Irish members." Similar tidings are frequently sent in reports of proceedings in the House of Commons. There are certain characteristics which cling to a son of the ould sod, whether he be in Parliament or driving a dray in front of a New York street car.

Speaking of the recent festivities of a party of wealthy and exuberant young men in the Casino at Newport, which produced something of a sensation, a discriminating writer says, "The spree was English in its appointments."

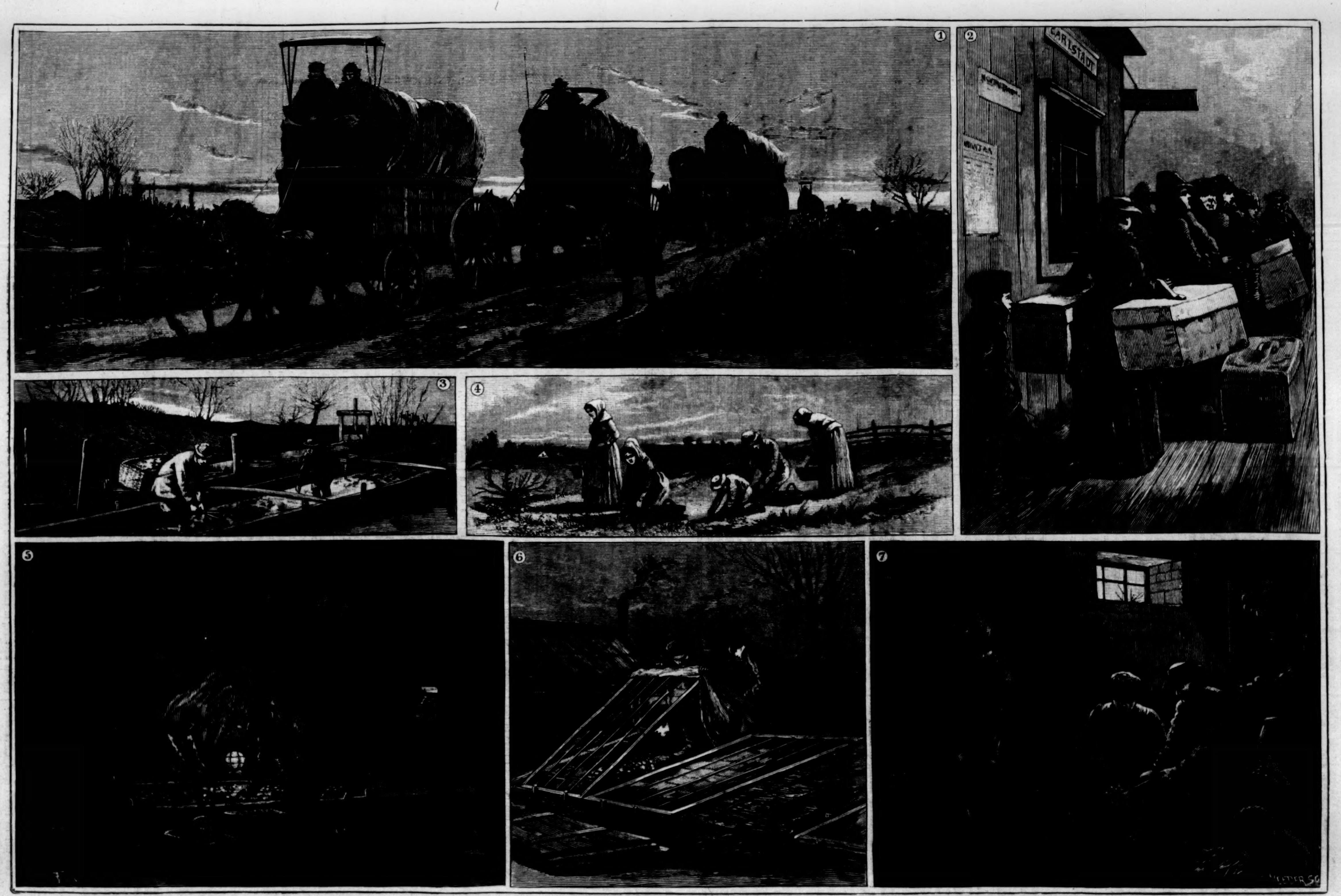
The death of Captain Webb in the Whirlpool Rapids of the Niagara River seems to have intensified the fascination of that spot for the adventurous. A man is already on hand with a life-preserving contrivance in which he proposes to intrust himself to the mercy of the torrent.

One result of the President's vacation trip through the wilds of the far West is to furnish names to places along the route. It is not probable that those who come after him will try to improve the work of so illustrious a nomenclator, and it may be expected that Camp Crosby and Camp Stager and the various other halting-places of the party will some day be the city of Crosby, the city of Stager, and so on. While these names are preferable to some that have been made by translating Indian names into English, they are not picturesque nor characteristic. The preservation of the Indian names of localities in the United States has given to the nomenclature of the country a unique and pleasing feature, which will always possess considerable historical value.

Writers of gossip from the places of summer resort differ widely as to the characteristics of the visitors, taken as a whole, at any given place. But it is easy to infer, from statements that are intended to be favorable to the proprietors, what class of visitors is most desired by those pecuniarily interested. It seems to be the most acceptable to write that "the guests at this popular resort" are mainly "people whose social importance is so well assured that they feel under no obligation to make a display of their wealth." To mention the "blaze of diamonds in the spacious drawing-room" is the polite way of conveying a hint of vulgarity, and to speak of the "excursion throngs" is to put the resort very low in the scale of respectability.


CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW-JERSEY PHI
GRAY-PARKER

HE HAD BEEN WARNED ABOUT PLACING HIS HEAD OUT OF THE WINDOW. HIS TRAIN IS TO LAND HIM AT THE RACE TRACK, AND HIS COMBINATION RAILROAD TICKET WAS IN HIS HAT BAND. [*A fact.*



1. On the way to Market. 2. Berry Venders at Station. 3. Gathering Water-Cress. 4 and 5. Mushroom Culture. 6. Hot-Beds. 7. Preparing Celery for the Market.

GARDENING FOR NEW YORK.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny.—[See Page 541.]

GARDENING FOR NEW YORK.

Long Island from one end to the other, Staten Island, New Jersey, Westchester County, and a large part of Connecticut are the points from which New York receives the greater portion of its vegetables. From their convenience of access farm lands within driving distance of the city are given up exclusively to raising of garden truck, consequently they have increased enormously in value. The owners of these farms stubbornly resist the encroachments of the growing city, and only yield to corporate exactions or extravagant offers of money. Many individual fortunes are the result of the tenacity with which these cultivators of the early beet and succulent cabbage held on to their lands until they became enveloped within the limits of a great and fast-spreading city.

There is probably no business in which the profits are so certain as in that of market-gardening. Now and again a bad year intervenes, but prosperity is the rule. The truckman, like the sailor, is a natural pessimist: atmospheric conditions are seldom or never favorable—it is always too dry or too wet; but at the end of the year he generally finds himself the possessor of a considerable sum over and above his expenses. Taken as a whole, the percentage of failure is not so great as in trade and other branches of agriculture.

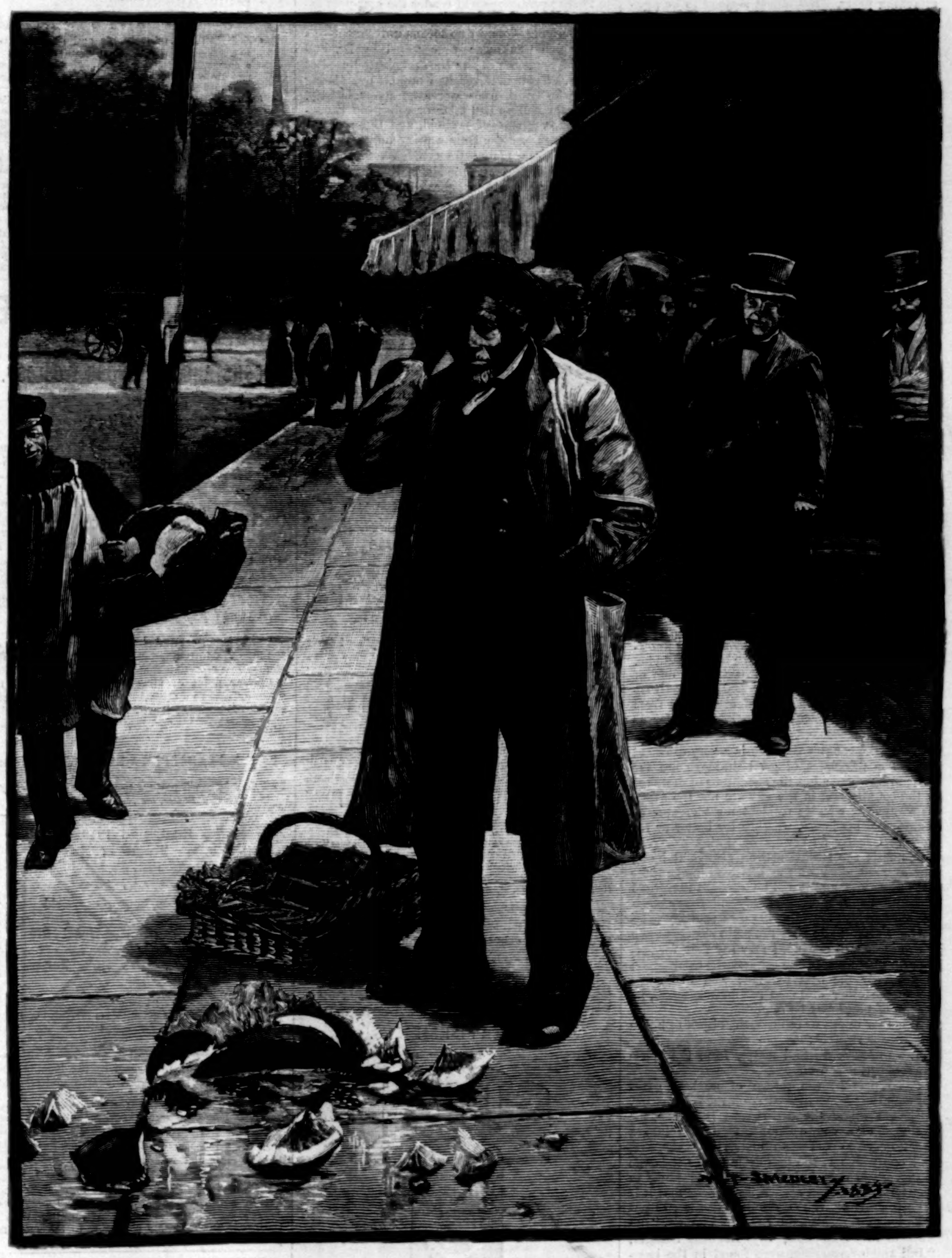
Garden truck which is raised within a radius of twenty miles of New York reaches its market by wagons. These are of large capacity, drawn usually by two horses. They are packed on the farms in the afternoon. Earlier or later in the evening or night, according to the distance of the farm from the city, they start for their destination, which for the greater part is in the immediate vicinity of Washington Market. They arrive mostly between midnight and daybreak. By sunrise Greenwich, Washington, West, and the streets adjacent and at right angles thereto are filled with truck wagons disposing of their contents. By eight o'clock the business of the day, so far as they are concerned, is usually over. Many attempts have been made by the authorities to dislodge the truckmen from the streets. Where so much capital and ready money is involved it is needless to say that all efforts in this direction have resulted in failure. Most of the large wholesale dealers have contracts with the truckmen for a regular supply of vegetables. In this case the cultivator sends his stock directly to the shop of the dealer, but the large majority avail themselves of the street market, and dispose of their stuff to the first comer. Those who send their truck to market by wagon must necessarily invest a considerable amount in plant. It is only those who are thoroughly well established who can afford the equipment which this mode of transport necessitates. Moreover, there must be incurred a large outlay for labor, for no crop requires more sedulous care and watchfulness than vegetables. It would appear to be a matter of pride with the truckman to send all he raises to New York. This is a talismanic word of much potency with him.

Frequently they do so when a more profitable market might be found in their own neighborhood. The writer, who resides in a locality noted for its truck farms, purchases all his vegetables at first hands from a dealer in the city. He can do so at lower rates, including all charges for freight and packing, than he can grow them on his own ground or purchase from the farmers in his immediate vicinity. There are enthusiasts who speak of the delights of having a garden. The cheapest, surest, and most satisfactory garden is to be found in the shop of a vegetable dealer in the city.

A branch of garden "trucking" which has been comparatively recently introduced, and which promises to assume very large proportions in the future, is the raising of vegetables for the market under glass. Nowhere is this more scientifically and successfully accomplished than about Boston. The finest qualities of winter lettuce and cucumbers come to the New York market from that place. One need but to glance from a car window on any of the lines of railway diverging from this city to see how extensively the system has been introduced in our vicinity. The profits of this kind of gardening are very large. It is, however, the high art of agriculture, for it involves a special training which comes only from years of close application and study. Ceaseless watchfulness and care are demanded. A score of perils unknown to the open-air gardener are always present to destroy in an hour the labor of months. The proprietor must be on the alert day and night. He must be a close student of the thermometer and barometer. A sudden icy gale may arise in the night and tear out a dozen panes of glass. The fire in his furnace may burn out, and his plants be chilled and killed. He can not trust his subordinates; he must give a careful personal supervision. If he succeed, however, his profits more than repay him for his care. But his anxieties do not end when he has successfully harvested his crop. The transportation of such delicate products during freezing weather requires extreme nicety in packing, for he is not assured of his pay until the articles are delivered in good condition to the dealer. In consequence he is obliged to employ special messengers to guard and protect his treasure. One frequently sees, during the winter months, at our suburban stations groups of individuals zealously watching large hampers. These contain radishes at twenty-five cents for a small bunch, or cucumbers at a dollar each, or lettuce at equally extravagant figures, or strawberries at seven or eight dollars a quart. In the matter of strawberries, however, this price would seem excessive. The writer, who has a greenhouse, tried the experiment of raising them from a few plants. His success was phenomenal. With no particular care they bore most profusely, and were exceptionally fine in size and flavor. In connection with the raising of truck under glass it may not be generally known that the best pie-plant or rhubarb which comes to the New York market during the winter is cultivated at Quebec in hot-houses. Attention is also being called to the growing of asparagus by this artificial means. It is somewhat singular that the higher the latitude the finer the flavor of vegetables grown under glass.

The influx of a large foreign element has brought with it great numbers of accomplished gardeners. To them we are indebted for the improvement in the quality of our vegetables. To them we are indebted for the excellence of our celery, for the cultivation of the mushroom and of the water-cress, for the introduction of a variety of salads which a few years since were to the masses entirely unknown. These men are specialists. Some excel in the cultivation of the cauliflower, and devote themselves exclusively to that. Others are expert in the growth and preparation of celery. Only those who have as amateurs given attention to the care of this plant can appreciate the skill which gives to us that vegetable as we see it in the market, white and crisp, during all the late autumn and winter months. Its bleached quality, almost to the very tip of the stem, is the despair of the novice who does not care to pass the greater portion of his leisure in some dark cellar.

The water-cress, which is found in nearly all running spring water, was up to within a few years looked upon by most people as a worthless weed. Under the fostering care of gardeners from Europe, it is now one of the great luxuries of the market. In its natural state the water-cress is apt to have an earthy taste, unless taken from very pure water. With the care now bestowed upon it, by diverting the cold water of springs and keeping the sluices clear, it has lost that flavor, and has become crisp and pungent.



"WHAT DE OLE WOMAN SAY NOW?"

It comes to market packed in miniature bushel baskets. The same may be said of the mushroom. Those formerly used here were imported in tins from France. Now they are grown here in large quantities in caves and cellars. In its natural condition the mushroom thrives in the full blaze of sunlight. For its artificial propagation darkness appears to be the most favorable condition for its development. Now and again the markets are profusely supplied with the ordinary field mushroom, as in the autumn of 1881, when we had a dry summer followed by a wet autumn—conditions exceptionally suitable for the growth of this fungus. It is not improbable that in the near future many varieties of vegetable fungi now rejected as poisonous will become available as articles of food. A German chemist has discovered forty sorts which are edible.

Enthusiasts are fond of extolling the beauties of a vegetable garden. The practical man will derive more pleasure from visiting one of our wholesale truck houses during the winter months, where are stored in tiers one above the other vegetables raised under glass from as far north as Quebec, and in the open air at the South and the tropics. Modern means of transportation have obliterated the seasons, so far as the enjoyment of garden stuff is concerned. Endowed with the fairy wand of wealth, the citizen of New York may enjoy in the depths of winter vegetable products which but a few years since were attainable only in their season. The pleasure of anticipation is gone, but the power of realization has come.

AUSTRALIAN ANTS.

The little "sugar ants" are well known to most dwellers in towns, and even in central Melbourne sometimes prove a nuisance to housewives, by invading any saccharine matters that may be left uncovered. They owe their popular name to their fondness for this article of food. If a small heap of the same is placed in their way they seldom stop to eat it on the spot, but carry the prize away, crystal by crystal, evidently for the benefit of the general population.

Fond as they are of sugar, they are still more partial to honey, and will readily leave the former for the latter. This is not carried away, but eaten wherever met with. So attractive seems this ambrosia that even the queens are tempted out to partake of it. Before depositing the honey I once or twice introduced some stranger ants, which were immediately attacked. While the fight was going on I placed the honey near the belligerents, who, as it seems, having more taste for the pleasures of a terrestrial Valhalla than the turmoil of the battle-field, let go their antagonists to feast with their already nearly gorged *confrères*. On one occasion two combatants fell into the honey. The stranger, owing to superior strength, escaped, and was followed by a little crowd of his enemies. The object of the pursuers, however, did not seem to be the further punishment of the interloper, but simply to despoil him of the dainty which he was carrying away adhering to his legs and body.

If a working ant fell into the honey he was left contemptuously alone to escape as best he could. On two occasions, however, I noticed queens who had similarly come to grief. These, strange to say, were pulled out and cleaned by three or four of the adjacent workers. With respect to queens, there seems to be a good deal of gallantry displayed toward them, altogether independently of nation or race. I have never, in fact, seen a strange queen molested when placed among hundreds of a thoroughly hostile tribe. I once noticed another remarkable fact with respect to the behavior of ants toward strangers. I had placed some ants fully a quarter of an inch in length upon a board surrounded with water. Soon afterward I brought home a number of tree ants, together with some twenty or thirty queens and several hundred pupæ, placing my second find at the opposite end of the same board. I fully looked forward for a fight, and so there was, but not as was expected. The tree ants at once began to seize and carry off the pupæ, and in the direction of the stronghold of their gigantic fellow-prisoners. Queens, as before stated, were allowed to pass unmolested, as also, in most instances, were unladen ants, but an ant bearing a pupa or egg in its mandibles was at once assaulted and nipped by some assailant. The pupa was, of course, dropped, the despoiled bearer thereof creeping away, badly, sometimes fatally, wounded. Singular to say, the dropped pupa was never appropriated by the attacking party. His object seemed to be murder, to which he was incited for some unknown reason, and not robbery.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

COUNTRY-HOUSE DRAINAGE.

The drainage of our city houses is not as yet made an entirely municipal affair, and regulated by the city authorities, as is the case in the larger towns of modern Europe. Yet the drainage of town houses is in an important sense a public or common interest. Unlike most country dwellings, the city house is not an independent unit. It is connected with a more or less complicated, and a less or more efficient, system of drains and sewers, which in theory are supposed to provide good drainage to the house without requiring the occupant's individual care and attention. Whether they do or not, the drainage of his house is a delegated function. It may be delegated to the city engineer or to the owner of the estate; but the occupant feels that his responsibility is at most a divided one. His house forms but a single joint or node of the spreading subterranean root whose ramifications underlie the town. Too often, indeed, it is rather a plant that is fed upon the odors and poison of decay from below. The city dweller, in a word, is committed to a pre-existent system of drainage, and he can seldom be sure whether the drains are more active in carrying away foul matters from the house or in bringing in fouler gases from the sewers. Whether his family survive or fall victims to typhoid fever, the city resident can not feel that the result is wholly of his own bringing about. He is comparatively powerless before all this pre-existent subterranean machinery, which, indeed, as a concealed and a complicated thing, he seldom understands. In our cities scarcely one house owner in ten, scarcely one tenant in a hundred, has any effective knowledge of what his house drainage is or should be. Nor is this surprising, the subject being one of real technical difficulties, from which the only escape is to remove plumbing of every kind from within the living-rooms of the house as far as that may be possible.

But in the country the case is a very different one. The principles of good drainage are the same everywhere; but the conditions of drainage in the country and in the city are not the same. As a rule, the country resident must create the drainage of his house, whether for better or for worse. Usually no sewers or drains are near him, nor is the skilled artisan always at hand. The responsibility of the house drainage thus rests upon him, and it will be his fault if typhoid fever creeps in by his drain-pipes. Every country householder must be his own sanitary engineer. Before indicating the main systems upon which he has to depend, I may say that, for getting rid of sewage in the country the earth-closet is generally the best method; and in houses where the other drainage required is small, no system of pipes may be required.

Whether in city or country, the object of house drainage is twofold:

1. To remove all foul-matter from the house the moment it is produced.

2. To prevent the return of noxious gases through the pipes which carry off the foul matter.

Except where the earth-closet is in use, the drainage of a country house is usually into a vault or cess-pool—an undesirable vicinage, and one which is the less desirable as it is the closer. The cess-pool is yet in general use in quarters where it is surprising to hear that it is even tolerated. When Windsor Castle was put in order as a residence for Queen Victoria, "upward of fifty cess-pools," says Engineer Stanger, "full and overflowing, were found in the basement." These have been removed, but London is full of cess-pits. Boston is praised as the most beautiful American city. What kind of drainage has it? In 1881, according to the estimates of its own Board of Health, no less than the almost incredible number of 30,000 vaults were still in use, and of these 20,000 are closed vaults, having no connection with the sewers. Boston is in this respect a community of the early Middle Ages. Now, in the country, cess-pits must often be used; but the question for the country householder is how he can get the benefit of the nineteenth-century engineering in avoiding their dangers, and how to do this at moderate expense.

Where sewers do not exist there are two main ways of removing the sewage from the house: (1) by the cess-pool; (2) by surface drainage.

The old form—indeed, I may still say the ordinary form—of cess-pool is a hole dug in the ground, and either not lined at all or lined with loose stone or "honey-comb" brick-work, through which the sewage soaks away into the soil, or whence it is removed at longer or shorter intervals; sometimes, as in the case of barracks, at intervals of many years. During all this time pollution of the soil is going on. The filth accumulates below the absorbent range of grass roots, and quite out of reach of the oxidizing power of the air, and sooner or later the neighboring streams or wells will be polluted. A cess-pool of this sort is a more and more dangerous neighbor the longer it lasts.

What is the remedy? Every cess-pool that stands near a human habitation should be made (*a*) as tight as puddling lined with brick-work in cement can make it; (*b*) it should be made *small*, so as to require frequent cleansing; (*c*) it should be properly covered, with ventilation through a charcoal filtering screen; and (*d*) when it is connected with the house there should be a water trap in the connecting pipe. Lastly, between this trap and the house, adds Galton, the constitution of the house drains should be so arranged as to insure that any gases which may pass the trap may be diluted with fresh air.

These precautions will render the cess-pool little dangerous. Without them, one is liable to such an experience—one by no means unfrequent—as that which was recently described by Dr. Folsom, the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health. Typhoid fever had broken out among those who drank the water from a certain well. The water had no bad taste or color, but it contained the germs of typhoid, and these germs were proved to come from a privy vault one hundred feet distant from the well.

Of surface drainage, the alternative method for the country house, I will speak in another paper.

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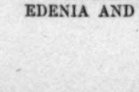

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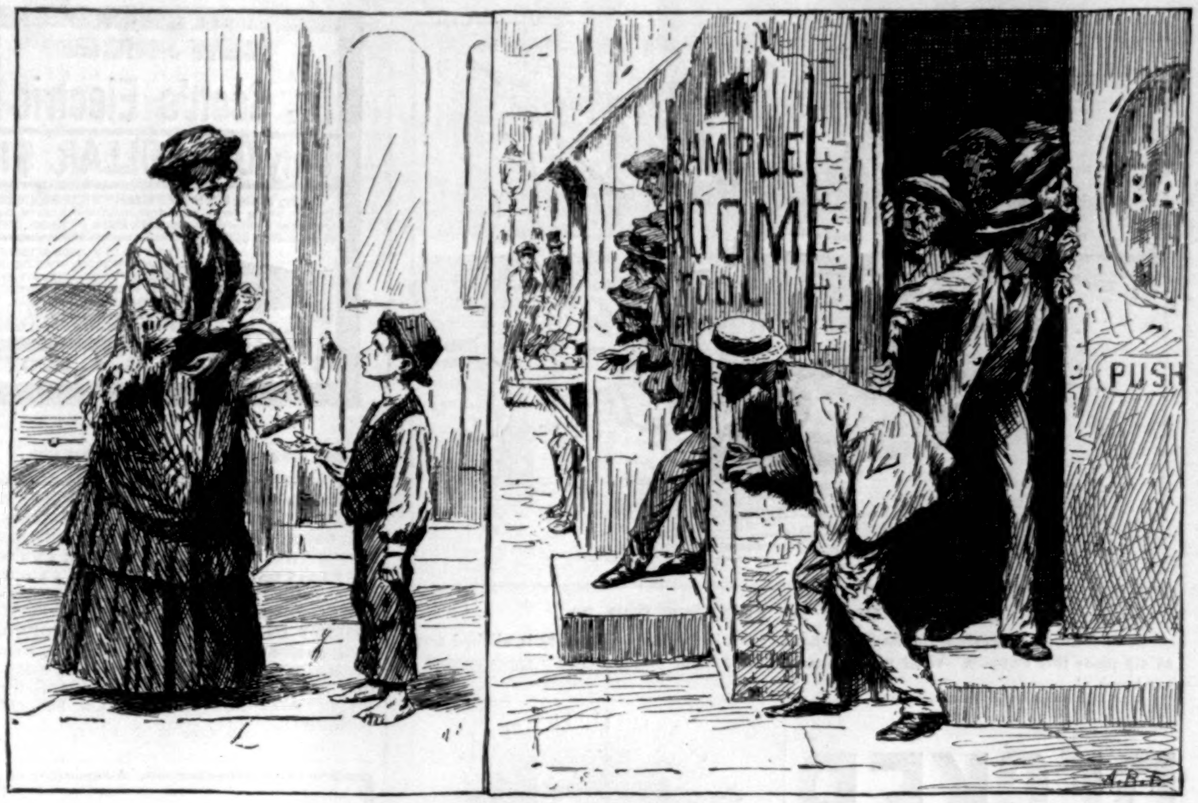

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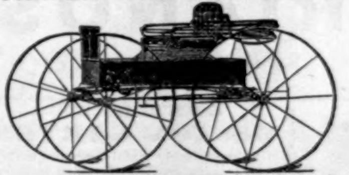

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